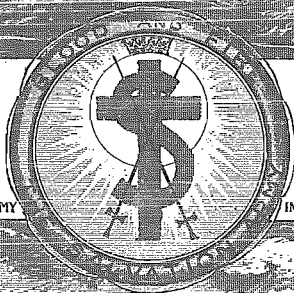


THE

# WAR

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



# CRY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

10th Year, No. 41

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



"PEACE, BE STILL."

(See page 2.)

## MEDITATIONS.

By ELIZABETH SWIFT BRENGLER.

## No Quarter to the Enemy.

"Thou shalt drive out the Canaanites, though they have iron chariots, and though they be strong."

The Israelites acknowledged freely that God had kept all His promises to them; that, through His help, no man had been able to stand before them; that He had altered the very course of nature, and checked the laws which kept the universe in motion in order to carry out His promises to their little selves; and yet, here they stood hesitating for years at one of His commands, for fear of a few iron chariots! God had been able to dispose of the Egyptian chariots; but they considered His hand too slack to deal with the war-wagons of the Canaanites!

There was something back of this. What was it? I don't exactly know what, but there are a few causes of backsliding (disobedience to God) that one is bound to hit the cause of trouble in this case by naming over half-a-dozen.

They might have stopped praying in secret, and got to depending on the meetings and on their sacrifices for spiritual strength. That is much like depending for nourishment on our dishes instead of on the food which is in them. They might have stopped listening to the public reading of the law—which corresponds to your letting up on your private Bible reading. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," and how could they believe with the very source of faith's supply cut off? For that matter, how can you?

"They might have lapsed into a longing to be like other folks," especially in the matter of dress—might have got tired of the peculiarity and conspicuousness of their uniform, and gone to docking their distinctive fringe (Deut. x. 26), or taking off their blue ribbons designed by God to make them "remember all the commandments of the Lord your God, to do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes, after which ye used to go to a whoring; that ye may remember all My commandments, and be holy unto your God."

One of the very strongest Canaanites of my acquaintance, is the love of dress, and I have never found anything equal to a uniform for keeping the Lord God put it—outside of my inheritance. I tried other means at first, wanting to obey God, and yet seek a little "after mine own eyes," but had to come at last to God's plan. I have seen other women and girls also giving to conquer the "Canaanite by other means, but in the course of time, the mark of its chariot-wheels would score their dress, from foot to crown!

Again, they might have made friends out of these Canaanites—the enemies of their God. There is no driving out sin while one is in a league and fellowship with sinners. There is a world-be Candidate for the work not far from me, who writes long letters, howling her inability to come up to God's requirements of her, and floods her pillow with tears over the lost condition of the world. But her intimate, petted friend is a backslider, and she dries her tears for the majority and tries to get willing to shed smiles on her favorite sinner. So the Israelites, when an angel came down from God to rebuke their sins, "wept and offered sacrifices," but didn't drive out the Canaanites!

I make, their conversation could not have been entire. When one step in the way is really taken, and that foot is firmly planted on the Rock, it is always possible to take the next. There is only one thing that makes it impossible to take any step which God has brought us, and that is, that our will is not entirely submitted to His will. When the will is once given over to God, faith comes, and to faith all things are possible, even the driving out of the whole breed of Canaanites—Gent, heath, and tentpole. Glory to God!

Some people will never know anything about Jesus Christ except what they see in the lives of His disciples. We must remind people of Christ by living the Christ-life ourselves. We must walk as soldiers behind Christ that people will not see us, but Christ.—Bishop Thoburn.

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

(See Frontispiece.)

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild.  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still;"  
Mysterious Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar,  
Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me:  
"Fear not I will pilot thee!"

## RESPONSIBILITY.

## Watchmen on the Wall.

## A WARNING TO SLEEPING SAINTS.

Question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Gen. iv. 9.

Answer: "I have made thee a watchman; therefore, give warning from Me."

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand."—Ezek. iii. 17-18. Also see Ezek. xxxiii. 7-8.

"His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber."—Isa. lvi. 9-10. And now, dear reader, if not too sleepy, read this lesson from real life.

## Sleeping at the Post of Duty.

Sleeping while on duty in the Signal Tower of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Philadelphia, a signal operator was directly responsible for the death of two men in a resulting collision in a tunnel near by.

Is not this a true type of some lukewarm Christians—watchmen on the wall who have gone to sleep spiritually, who, having ceased to warn sinners, are morally responsible for the destruction of their immortal souls. Reader, are you a sleeping watchman? If so, "Awake thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

## God Never Sleeps.

While it is true that, after creation, God rested on the seventh day, it is equally true that God never sleeps.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—Ps. exxi. 3-4.

"The Lord is thy keeper."

"The Lord is thy shade. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."—Ps. exxi. 5-6.

"I, the Lord, do keep it" (His vineyard). "I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it; I will keep it day and night."—Isa. xxvii. 3.

When Elijah mocked the false pro-

phets of the false god, Baal, he said,

"Providence, he sleepeth and maketh no answer," in contradistinction of the true and living God, Who never sleeps.

## The Vigilant Soldier.

The hour of Making, Lieut.-Colonel Baden-Powell, is called by the native Kaffirs, the Never-Sleeping," so thoroughly vigilant was he, ever on the alert for Boer traps and surprises.

You all know it is death, in active service, for the Sentinel Soldier to sleep at the post of duty.

Equally vigilant, in a spiritual sense, should the Christian warrior—the Salvation Soldier—be in our holy war against the adversary of God and souls, for it is not likely that Satan ever sleeps. Jesus said, in the parable of the tower, that "while men slept the devil came and sowed the tares among the wheat."—Matt. xiii. 25-30. The inference is, that

## Satan is Awake

while men sleep. He certainly is very busy in the day-time. I have been unable to find any verse in the Bible to show that Satan ever sleeps. Certainly, unclean spirits do not rest, for Jesus said of the unclean spirit, "He walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none."—Matt. xii. 43; Luke xi. 24.

## Military Trap.

In the South African war the Boers laid traps for the rushing Britishers, who, in turn, laid traps for their enemies. But every day Satan, with ceaseless activity, is always "on business at the old stand," laying traps for the heedless and unwary.

"Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, seeketh his prey both day and night, when hungry—"walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."—1. Peter v. 7.

## Satan Trapped.

The devil gave himself away badly when God sprung a trap on him by suddenly asking him: "Whence comest thou?"

Probably taken altogether unawares, Satan could not own up to the evil he had done that day, so he answers evasively, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."—Job i. 7.

A startling admission, for which Satan probably has repeatedly cursed his unwisdom in allowing himself to be taken so surprisingly off his guard.

## Satan's Insomnia.

Yes, after Satan's first malignant persecution of Job, when God asked him the same question, "Where comest thou?" covered with confusion, strange to say, Satan gave the same embarrassed, non-committal reply as before, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."—Job i. 2.

And so Satan has gone on round twice, as himself giving a wonderful confession—a remarkable exposure—of his increasing activity and watchful sleeplessness, which the watchful, spiritual soldier will do well to make a note of, and constantly remember.

## The Wrong Time to Sleep.

Sleeping at the post of duty is criminal when lives may be lost thereby.

Sleeping spiritually while the human harvest field is "white already to harvest," is still more deserving of condemnation, when immortal souls are jeopardized—yes, and eternally lost in consequence of such neglect.

Solomon said, "He that sleepeth in harvest causeth shame."—Prov. x. 3. Will not Jesus be truly ashamed of these sleeping drones who will appear before Him empty-handed?

Seeing that the harvest is plentiful, and the laborers few; seeing also that "the night cometh when no man can work," it is now as Paul said:

"High time to wake out of sleep" (Rom. xiii. 11) and to penetrate the Satan's injunction to "go out into the highways and hedges," and also take up our cross daily and follow Him, "preaching the Gospel to every creature."

Paul said to "the children of light, and the children of day." "Therefore, let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—1. Thess. v. 6.

## The Zeal of Christ.

Jesus did not sleep when there was opportunity for good to be done. He was busy that He sometimes had to leave so much as to eat." (Matt. v. 31), so terribly vigilant was he, ever on the alert for Boer traps and surprises.

Our Saviour was so energetic in doing good that it was truly said, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me."

—John ii. 17. He sought zealous disciples; take, for instance, the 500 impetuous Peter; the Sons of Thunder, James and John; the Zealot, Simon Zelotes,—of whom the first three were gelos of sleeping on duty.

## The Right Time to Sleep.

After the harvest is gathered, the battle won, then is the time to sleep.

"Thy sleep shall be sweet." "Ye shall find rest to your souls."

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Then which sleep with Him will God bring with Him."

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

"Let us labor, therefore, and enter in to that rest."—Heb. iv. 11.

It concludes soldiers of Christ, a wake, cry aloud in Zion, Awake to day as watchmen of the house of Israel. "Watch ye, therefore, lest coming suddenly, He find you sleeping."—Mark xiii. 36.—Argus.

An infidel questioned a negro woman: "Does thee give people out of dust?"

"Yee." "What does He make when it rains, and there is nothing but mud?"

"Infidels and slich trash."

# The Children of the Slums.

(From the American War Cry.)

Mulberry Bend, not so many years ago, was one of the most terrible spots in New York City. It was comprised in two or three small, irregularly-shaped blocks, knit together by horrible alleys, whose reputation was so fearful that the honest citizen rarely so much as glimpsed at them. For the Bend, as it was called, was practically a part of the notorious Five Points, lying but a few steps northward of Worth Street, and westward of the Bowery.

Now it is an open triangular space, not large nor generous, it is true, but still open to God's blue sky, and carpeted with God's green turf, where, in season, flowers are made to bloom, and on certain evenings public concerts are given by one of the city's bands, and at all times the children of the tenements may romp, and if it may be, forget for a while the wretched homes from which they have come.

Probably the first thing that will strike you, upon sitting a while in Mulberry Bend Park, will be the fact, at first a little odd, that while the walks and lawns are

## Alive with Children,

it is the members of the sterner sex which that occupy the benches, with only the park is well supplied. In

on Allen Street, and the little girrl that ran through the halls?"

The reporter remembered it indeed: the morning papers of the time told the tale of the little girl's splendid heroism—and this was she, this little girl who was now trying so patiently to make interest for all the little ones in her charge.

The policeman and the reporter strolled across the turf to where the little girl stood.

"Show us your hands, me dear!" said the policeman.

The little girl shyly held out her hands, looking half-frightened as if it might be she would be found in some wrong. Both of the little hands were terribly scarred—probably for life.

The War Cry man, deeply moved, kissed those little hands, and to the policeman freely spoke his mind on them; whereupon the officer told a tale of two other hands, terrible to hear.

A little boy, this—a little Italian, or Greek, perhaps, for the policeman knew only that he was a "Dago." The eldest of a brood of many, he was, nevertheless, only ten or eleven years old, by the historian's account, though he

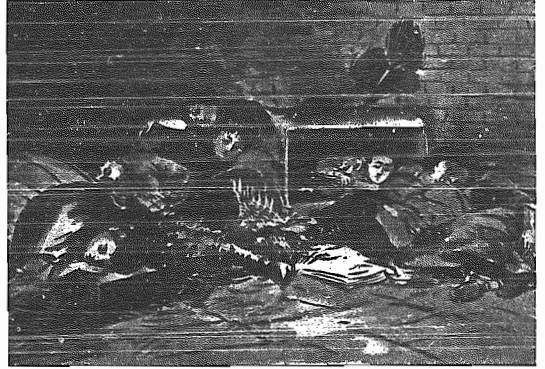
## Picked up Many a Penny

and brought it home, that his mother

when the infuriated father plucked it away, he cut into the boy's hand, far into the bone.

"Ten years," said the policeman, finishing his gruesome story; "yes, 'twas

for ten years he was sent up by the judge, and a good job. When he comes out the boy'll be big enough to kill him—if necessary." And the guardian of the peace coughed awkwardly.



A BREEDING PLACE FOR CRIME. (See "Our Crime Crop.")

## OUR CRIME CROP AND OUR CHARITIES.

(Editorial in New York Journal.)

It is a fine thing to build commodious prisons for our worthy murderers and burglars. It is a good idea to plan and endow clean and tidy insane asylums for our flourishing population of crazy people. The scheme of establishing houses of refuge for lad boys and girls is a worthy one.

But what a waste of charitable energy is there! What a misdirected and misapplied save to our feelings of humanity!

And why? Walk down into the dark halls of the tenement districts and you will find the tiny bubbling sources of all these things. Through the mud, and babble, and uproar, the flapping of clothes-lines and rags, the curses of drunken men and hags, you will find all about you the damned and muddled springs of the crime, craziness and depravity which fill our prisons, asylums, and reformatories.

Children are all about you, cursing, crying, learning mean tricks and petty thefts, forgetting truth and honor, hating the gloomy dens they call home, and knowing nothing of God.

But do not disturb them. By all means let them riot in wretchedness and wallow in preconscious crime undisturbed. Can you not see that they are not yet ripe for reformation such as we give them?

That little boy in the gutter may make a fine murderer some day, and then we will take him to our prison, send him our flowers and tracts and reform him.

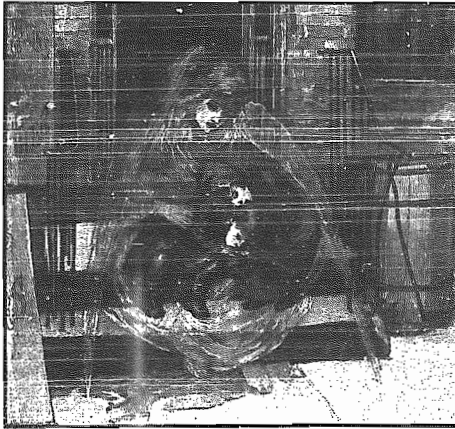
The little girl gnawing rat-like at the rotten apple will give our Scripture-readers a fine chance for the exercise of their talents in a few years, when she has grown sadder with depravity.

A fine crop truly! Let us leave them, therefore, and proceed half-way along the stream of life, between these bitter springs and the great sea of death, and establish our little prisons and our little asylums and our fine houses of refuge, and wait for the small germs to float to us as grown-up criminals and lunatics.

And they will surely come. They will come with lines on their faces and fire in their hearts, a sullen, maddened army, murmuring, remorseless, and filled with hatred of their fellowmen.

Let us continue, therefore, to put out the familiar sign on our tenements: "No children wanted;" and in the halls, "No children allowed in the halls or stairways," and on the roof, "No children permitted here."

Thus the children will be driven to the pavements—the hard sea-level of crime. But do not let any of our multi-millionaires try to prevent all this by building tenements with big play-rooms for the children of the house, in charge of some good child-loving woman. This would cost extra money and—it would be true charity.



THE SLUM ANGEL.

a sojourn of above an hour and a-half in the benches, the other day, a War Cry reporter observed no more than three women in the park, of whom only one sat for any length of time.

There is a big policeman who stalks sedately up and down the walks of the little enclosure, and he it was who made plain the underlying naturalness of the fact just noted.

"Of course not," said he, when the Cry man had remarked upon the absence of women; "of course, there's only a few of 'em comes here at this time of day. How could you expect them, when there's hardly a one of 'em but's at home, like's not stitching for dear life on a sewing machine?"

"True, for it is on just such a neighborhood as this that the ban of the sweat-shop rests most heavily. What will you?—and one must live, must one not?—and there are many children, and one man gets small pay for his labor on

## The Streets or the Wharves.

So all day long, pent in with her work, in the terrible little box, called a room, in a tenement house, the mother stitches, stitches, stitches, till there is blackness before her eyes and agony in every nerve of her starved body.

"Dye," see that little girrl over there," demanded the policeman, pointing to a child of perhaps twelve years, who was sedulously mending

## A Group of Fledglings

in her charge. "Dye remember the fire last March in the tenement house

might find food for them all. For, like so many another of his class, the father of this house was not steady either in work or in habit.

Probably the wife bore much—inevitably much to the American mind—yet, when he was at length imprisoned for a year for assaulting a compatriot, she showed no more joy than appeared in her own and her children's greater comfort. They moved to a better tenement, and there, when he came out of the penitentiary, the man found them.

From the first he was ugly, accusing them of conspiring to get rid of him, and showing a slyly angry at their more comfortable condition. Each day his wife gave him certain small sums of money; when he demanded more she told him she could give no more, and for a week the domestic atmosphere was

## Surecharged with Trouble.

Finally, late one night he came in, all the devil in him worked by liquor, and failing to get money from his wife, attacked her with a knife.

The boy was abed and asleep, but he heard his mother's shriek, and in a twinkling was at her side. The murderous brute again sprang forward, and again the wife covered, but the boy with a leap

## Caught at the Knife—

snatched at it, reached and clamped his hand around the blade. It was a dirk, edged like a razor on both sides, and



A TYPICAL SLUM CHILD.

# "In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me."

An Account of the Work Done by the Salvation Army at the Central Prison—Interviews with Staff-Capt. Archibald and Bro. Daniels, a Former Inmate, now a Follower of Jesus and Zealous Worker in His Cause.

## II.

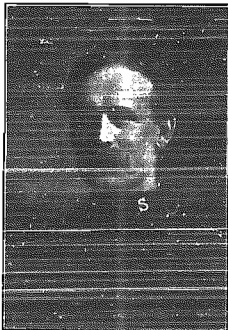
**FIFTY-FIVE** men?" we queried. "Yes, fifty-five men, discharged prisoners," replied Staff-Capt. Archibald, "have been, with the assistance of friends, taken care of by us since April, and we have been able to find situations for all of them except one or two. None of them have returned, and we have received most encouraging reports from their employers."

When we were further told that of that number about thirty-five were converted, and the balance gave us every evidence that they are most anxious to do better and reform, we were astounded.

We must fully understand the difficulties to get men to give themselves to God while in jail, and perhaps the more subtle temptations to fall from grace after being discharged, to truly appreciate the magnitude of the work accomplished.

We have been fortunate in gaining admission to nearly all the jails, prisons, and other penal institutions of this Territory, and the Army has not been slow in making use of this opportunity to bring the sinner's Saviour to those under penalty of the civil law. Numerous pathetic stories could be told, and have been published from time to time, of the Army's work in the jails for many years past. Especially since the inception of the League of Mercy has jail visitation been more systematically pursued. But the Army's work in the Central Prison, Toronto, is of a more recent origin. Formerly, there was a Protestant as well as a Roman Catholic Chaplain. By the way, the inmates are about one-third Catholics to two-thirds Protestants. For certain reasons, which we need not consider here, the office of the Protestant Chaplain was abolished, and the Ministerial Association assumed the responsibility of furnishing spiritual advisers, and ministers to conduct Sunday's Divine services with the Protestant prisoners. The Army held meetings there occasionally, and different officers were appointed as the occasion required.

When Brigadier Pugmire became Social Secretary last Fall, the work in the Central received much of his attention, and became very promising; in fact, so much so, that upon his change of appointment, and the transfer of the Social Secretary's work to the department of the Territorial Secretary, a special officer's time was almost required for this purpose. The choice fell upon Staff-Capt. Archibald, who was attached to Territorial Headquarters in April.



STAFF CAPT. ARCHIBALD,

Who devotes much of his time to the spiritual welfare of the inmates of the Central Prison, Toronto.

The Staff-Captain works in harmony with the Prisoners' Aid Association, which, for years, has done a most creditable work. Its present Agent is Mr. Spencer. There is plenty of room for the Army's work and that of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and the best of feeling

how he had not closed his eyes all night. He was so disturbed in his mind that

He had Paced the Little Cell—Five by Eight Feet—from Dusk Till Dawn.

He wanted help and advice. He wanted to be saved and live right."

Another aged, white-haired prisoner was dejectedly walking into his cell, when the Staff-Captain entered with him.

"This is a beautiful day," he said cheerfully.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

a hearty cooperation exist between the officers of both organizations. Dunn Avenue Methodist Church also furnishes some devoted workers to the Christian contingent battling against the devil's kingdom in the Central Prison.

Some recent meetings, which were arranged independent of the regular Sunday's services, have shown some remarkable fruit for years of patient labor. In two weeks about

### Fifty Men Have Definitely Professed Conversion,

and appear to be genuine cases. Staff-Capt. Archibald speaks most enthusiastically of these meetings.

There are between 350 and 400 men incarcerated in the Central Prison, undergoing sentences from six months to three years. There is Divine worship held each Sunday afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock, after which Staff-Capt. Archibald spends some time in personal dealing with the men, interviewing on one occasion as many as 60 men in one afternoon, and praying with forty of that number. This is rather an exceptional record, since it is a very wearying task to consider each man's case, get at his individuality, and feel their burden in order to advise them and deal with them.

Many a heart-breaking tale, which has been shut up within the breast, comes to light, and with it some relief. It is a striking illustration of how men depend on each other, and crave sympathy and spiritual help. It is an effort of the man to make his listener realize that in spite of the crime, the penalty of which he is now paying, there is something worthy of recognition in him.

"One man especially impressed me," Staff-Capt. Archibald said. "He told me

finally they both knelt behind the bars, and the butt is drawn from the heart, securely locked for so many years. The Angel of Light enters. Sweet peace and heavenly freedom enter—say, heaven itself fills the cell.

"Here is another case," the Staff-Captain continued. "It is about a man I found broken-hearted in prison. It is the old story of drink, which brought about his degradation. To be brief, he finally got converted. I asked him if I could do anything for him. 'See my brother, and try to reconcile my wife, if they will forgive me, I shall be reconciled.' With the permission of the courteous Warden, I interested myself in his case. I saw his brother, who agreed to give him a situation on his release, and also wrote to Ottawa to secure his brother's pardon, and I have hopes he will be pardoned."

### Died in Prison and Refused Burial.

"What about the man who died in prison a few months ago?"

"Oh, you refer to T—. His is a very sad case. This man sent for me about two months ago, being under deep conviction. I dealt with him and he was soundly saved then and there. It was undoubtedly a clear case of conversion. Soon after that he took ill and the doctor despaired of his life. I wired his wife at O—, who came and visited him, but was unable to stay. He begged me to send for her if he got worse. He rallied a little, but finally, on Sunday, died. He left a beautiful testimony behind. His wife had taken to her bed and could not come. The body, at her request, was shipped to O—, and we wrote to our officers there to look after it and Mrs. T—. Here is the letter we received back:

"When Mrs. T— heard of her husband's death, she went to her minister, asking him to bury the body, but he simply refused to do so. In her extremity she came to me, and I consented at once. In company with her two cousins, the undertaker, and a few others, we went to the station to meet the corpse, and from there went straight to the cemetery (Mrs. T— being ill in bed). I conducted a brief service at the grave. I began with—

'My Jesus, I love Thee,'

and read the portion of Scripture found in the Army's Funeral Service. A sister sang a solo—

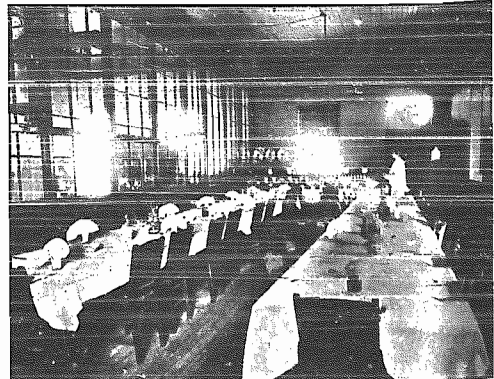
'Shall we meet beyond the river?'

after which I spoke and read the letter from Staff-Capt. Archibald, in which he spoke of the deceased's conversion and his last testimony."

"Through earthly strife to heavenly peace," ran through our mind at the conclusion of this story.

(To be continued.)

A woeful thing it is to any man to have continuous prosperity. A most sad lot is his. He does not know it, because he is little, and half blind, and wholly deaf. See a man who, for the last century, has done nothing but sin, and you do not see the most cheerful, spiritually-reformed, sympathetic soul that can be found.—From Joseph Parker's "Studies in Texts."



THE GUARDS' DINING ROOM, CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.



## Prisoners' Aid Association Work in the Central Prison

The Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada began its work twenty-five years ago, having for its objects the reformation of offenders, their welfare while in prison, and also after their discharge, prison reform legislation, and the prevention of crime, taking as their inspiration Matthew xxv. 34-40. The first step was the organization of mission Sunday Schools in the three penal institutions of Toronto, namely, the Central Prison, the Andrew Mewer for Women, and the Toronto Jail.

As this article refers especially to the work carried on at the Central Prison, we will not here enlarge on the other departments of their work, which are quite as successful. Having faithfully conducted, for ten years, the Sunday School work and weekly preaching services, the Association became impressed with the necessity of providing educational facilities for the more illiterate class. Accordingly an evening school was inaugurated, which has been a great benefit to hundreds of men whose early education had been neglected, and many of whom now look back to these classes at the Central as the beginning of a new era in their lives.

Reading, writing, spelling, correspondence, geography, and arithmetic are the subjects taught.

Accompanying this article we give the

MR. FINLAY  
SPENCER,

Agent of the  
Prisoners' Aid  
Association, and  
a warm  
friend of our  
work.



portrait of Mr. Finlay Spencer, the present teacher and Agent of the Association. In addition to his duties as teacher, he interviews every prisoner to ascertain in what way he may be helpful to them, visits the families of prisoners and gives relief when necessary; assists discharged prisoners, when practicable, to obtain employment; gives orders for meals and lodgings to ex-prisoners, provides tools, and when advisable makes loans to the men; in brief, does all he can to assist the fallen to rise.

Mr. Spencer had been engaged in prison work only a short time when he realized that the environment of prison life was not helpful towards reformation, especially of the young, but rather had a tendency to harden and degrade. While conversing with one of the prisoners, he found that he was anxious to live a better life—"to turn over a new leaf," to use his own words. This was an opportunity. He found half-a-dozen others who were anxious to start life over again, on entirely a different plan, and to this end he consulted the Warden of the prison, Dr. Gilmour, who gave his ready assent to these men being allowed to meet for prayers after work hours. It is now three and a-half years since the first prayer meeting was held, attended by

### The "Sovon Angels."

as they were called, in devotion, by some of their fellow-prisoners. The meetings have been held regularly every Monday evening since, and, at the time of writing, with an attendance of over one hundred. Scores of men have been brought to the Saviour, and have gone out from the prison to carry with them to their homes the good news of salvation. As we go to press we record with pleasure that special evangelistic services have been conducted for three weeks, with the result that over thirty men have found the Saviour, and several are under deep conviction. While this work is carried on under the auspices of the Prisoners' Aid Association, it may be interesting to know that the workers are made up of representatives from the various churches and the Salvation Army.

During the winter months for the last two years, a series of lectures has been given on various subjects by some of our ablest speakers.

The Indian Famine Fund now amounts to \$41,108.



## II.—THE ROMANS.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE WAR WITH PYRRHUS.

Sparta possessed a colony in Italy, the city of Tarentum, near the gulf of the same name. The inhabitants were as proud as their Spartan ancestors, but through idleness and luxury had become feeble and weak. The Tarentines must have treated some Roman ships within their harbor, and then insulted the ambassador who was sent to complain. When Rome sent an army to avenge the insult the Tarentines became frightened and sent to Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, for help. The latter came readily enough with twenty-eight thousand men, and twenty elephants, hoping to conquer the whole country. The Romans marched against him, and a great battle was fought on the banks of the river Siris. Both sides fought well until the elephants charged, and put the Romans to flight; only nightfall saved them from being entirely destroyed. So great, however was Pyrrhus' loss that he declared, "Such another victory and I shall have to return alone to Epirus." Finding the Tarentines unreliable, he resolved to treat with the Romans, and he sent his counsellor, Kinous, to offer peace, if Rome would promise safety to his Italian allies. Presents were sent to the senators and their wives. The Romans, however, would not accept such gifts, which they rightly considered as bribes, although they were inclined to make peace. Blind old Appius Claudius, however, opposed peace proposals.

Kinous went back to Pyrrhus much impressed with the sterling characters of the Romans, and told his master so.

The Romans sent Fabricius to treat with the King of Epirus about the Romans taken prisoner. Fabricius was an honest but poor man. Pyrrhus tried to win him by magnificent presents, which were refused. Suddenly the tent-hangings fell down and disclosed a large elephant close behind Fabricius, waving his trunk and trumpeting frightfully. The Roman turned quickly and smilingly said, "Neither your gold nor your great beasts move me."

The Roman prisoners were released

on condition that they were to be captured if no peace was concluded after a certain time. This was faithfully done.

Fabricius was one of the consuls chosen the following year. A physician of the King wrote to him, offering to poison Pyrrhus for a reward. Fabricius and the other consul sent the letter to the King, saying: "You choose your friends and foes badly. This letter will show you that you make war with honest men and trust rogues."

The King put the physician to death, and released the Roman prisoners unconditionally. He made again peace proposals, but the Romans would not accept peace except on condition that Tarentum be delivered up and Pyrrhus returned to Epirus.

Hostilities continued and another battle was fought in which the elephants again defeated the Romans, but not until nightfall. Pyrrhus had been wounded and many Greeks killed.

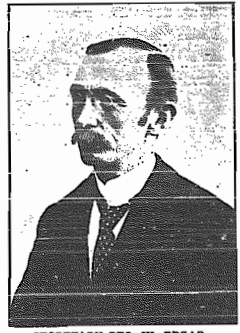
The King then sent to Sicily to aid the Greeks then battling there against the Carthaginians, but found them as unreliable as the Italian Greeks. He returned suddenly to Tarentum when Marcus Curius was one of the consuls. Marcus was a sterling, plain Roman. He conspired men for service against Pyrrhus, and those who refused to serve had their property seized and sold. Marcus marched against Pyrrhus and defeated him entirely, taking from him his elephants. The King returned to Epirus, and Rome had won after nine years of struggling.

Rome reduced the degenerate Greek settlements in the South of Italy, one after the other, taking their fleets and reducing their walls. They connected the cities by well-paved roads, which remain to this day, and by 200 B. C. possessed all the southern peninsula of Rome.

## THE SALVATION ARMY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Soldiers and friends visiting Paris are informed that the Salvation Army has an office inside the Exhibition grounds, where information concerning the Salvation Army in all lands, as well as general information and advice, can be obtained. Salvation Army journals and other literature from all parts of the world, are on sale. All correspondence should be addressed:

Kiosque de l'Armée du Salut,  
Vieux Poitou,  
Esplanade des Invalides,  
Paris.



SECRETARY GEO. W. EDGAR,  
Central Prison, Toronto.

## A Revival at the Central Prison.

For the past three weeks the Salvation Army and the Prisoners' Aid Association have carried on a remarkably successful revival at the Central Prison, during which time many prisoners have been brought to Christ, while many more have gone out from the prison with the intention of leading new lives. The most gratifying incident in connection with the meetings was the large number of hardened criminals who were brought to the penitentiary form, and this fact, taken as a whole, should prove that a greater or more important work for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind was never accomplished in the Central Prison. During the whole of the time the prisoners paid the strictest attention to the eloquent appeals of the Army and their assistants, and many were brought to tears by the earnest and pathetic pleadings which seemed to penetrate deeply into their hearts. The prisoners were invited to testify at the meetings and many availed themselves of the opportunity. Many earnest and remarkable testimonies fell from the lips of the boys who have decided for the future to walk in the path of righteousness and follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another achievement in connection with the work is the remarkable change in the character of the prisoners, who now manifest the most cordial relationship towards each other, and who pay very little attention to belittling criticism. A pleasing incident occurred at the close of the meetings on Monday night, when one of the prisoners rose from his seat, and on behalf of his fellow-prisoners, thanked the Army and their assistants for the inestimable blessings which they had received, and expressed a wish that they could long be spared to work in their midst. Another prisoner, after expressing sympathy for Dr. Gilmour (the Warden) in his severe illness, enlivened him by having opened the doors of the Prison, with the appreciation of the wholesome influence which the Army officers exercise upon the prisoners, and thus ended one of the most successful revivals that has been held within the prison walls. —Harry Burt.

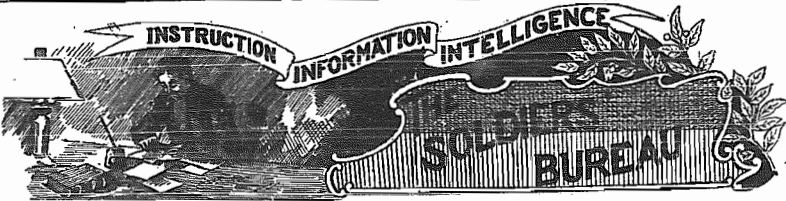
## A CORRECTION

In our write-up in last week's issue of a visit to the Central Prison, we find we have not done justice to the faithful efforts of the Prisoners' Aid Association. We understand it is the latter Association which conducts the meetings on Saturday and Monday evenings, while the Ministerial Association supplies the pulpit on Sunday afternoons, any expense incurred in connection with which being met by the Prisoners' Aid Association. This Association has been at work among the prisoners for twenty-five years, and those who are acquainted with its efforts have nothing but praise to bestow upon it. We gladly make the correction.

Oh, what a blessing to know that Jesus has a balm for every wound! He had sorrow that You and I might have joy. Have you ever thought of the sympathy that Jesus must have had for you, to leave all and come and die for you? Think!



A VIEW OF THE CELLS, CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.



## The Week's Ammunition.

### SUNDAY—LIGHT SHINES TO LIGHT.

"And he said: Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken: The God of Glory appeared unto our father Abraham,"—Acts vii. 2.

Across the ages light shines to light. In the dark days of the Christian church, the men of faith were able to look upon still darker times, when there were yet fewer believers in the world. Men in those days there were whose faith never faltered in the hour of trial, and they, being dead, yet speak. Abraham longed to see the Gospel day; Stephen lived only on the threshold of its glory; but we stand in noontide light. The men of faith—Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, and Stephen—caught up and flashed the signal from point to point, until the whole human race was encompassed by the promises of God.

### MONDAY—SORROW SENDS US TO THE SANCTUARY.

"And Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.—II. Kings xix. 14.

Trouble has often been more effectual than a church bell in bringing people to God's house. Callers at God's door are always welcome, let their errand be what it may. Whether we come with the cares of a kingdom, or the burden of a child's sorrow, we have equal right to cast it upon God. If Jesus had won a crown on earth, how could we dare to tell Him the trivial troubles which come to us in life? If He won no crown in Heaven, how could we expect Him to come to our relief?

### TUESDAY—THE WEAKNESS OF PERSECUTION.

"And the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt."—Acts vii. 9.

The patriarchs sold Joseph into Egypt, but no power could separate the lad from his God. And to me, while trusting in God and true to my conscience, there can come no real danger from without. The Evil One may strike his most stunning blows, but I shall not be moved. That which others mean for evil cannot really harm me, since "all things work together for good to them that love God." But it is some time before we, like Joseph, see the reason for our suffering. He was one of those who bore pain for the profit of others. His years of hardship was to effect the safety of his brethren and the enlightening of a nation.

### WEDNESDAY—IN SIGHT OF THE SKIES.

"Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."—Acts vii. 56.

When Jesus stood on the Mount of Transfiguration, He looked straight down into the grave. When Stephen stood on the edge of the grave, he looked straight up into heaven. The privilege of the second was purchased by the first. Insults are not so hard to bear when a man's eyes are fixed on heaven. When our eyes are fixed upon the reward, we shall make light of the trial. When we see our inheritance, we shall readily forgive the enemies who, unknown to themselves, put us in early possession of it.

### THURSDAY—CLEAN HANDS FOR GOD'S SERVICE.

"Sanctify the house of the Lord God of your fathers, and carry forth the filthiness out of the holy place."—II. Chron. xxix. 5.

It is the pity of human nature that each generation seems to be occupied in

undoing the evils of a former. Thus Hezekiah had to pull down the altars of his predecessor, and spend his best years in a weary conflict with the evil his father had created. Purity must precede service. God cannot be honored by a polluted altar, nor worshipped in a shrine of idols. "Create in me a clean heart," . . . then will I teach transgressors Thy ways."

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### FRIDAY—ORDERED STEPS.

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying: Arise, and go."—Acts viii. 26.

To Philip it must have seemed a purposeless journey. Suddenly, and without an apparent reason, the preacher of a great revival was wrenched away, despatched into the wilderness, and the fruits of his successful labors reaped by others. But although Philip

## What a Soldier Should Know

### 1. Debt a Great Evil.

Debt is a great evil. It destroys a man's peace, makes him feel like a slave, has a bad effect upon his example, and an unfavorable influence upon those who are without. When a Salvation soldier, who is seriously in debt, walks about in uniform and does anything for the salvation of souls, he feels that his creditors may be saying, "If he would pay me what he owes me, then I would have some respect for his religion."

### When It Approaches Theft.

If debt is such an evil, then it must be a Salvation Soldier's duty to keep free from it. On no account should he contract debt except he can see in the

### AN URGENT CALL ON OUR PURSE.



Some of India's Famishing Millions.

found but a solitary hearer in that brief hour, he sent an arrow, tipped with holy fire, into the heart of Africa, and linked himself on to that immortal line of missionary heroes who should spread the Gospel among the heathen.

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### SATURDAY—GOD'S PATIENCE.

"The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations."—Ps. xxxiii. 11.

We must learn to possess our souls in peace. Impatience is often the expression of impotency; it is the sign of conscious inequality. The last thing we learn in the perfect life is the gracious art of waiting. God can wait; no man may outrun His patience since none can outwit His power. Have I wished, like John and James, that I had power to compel the lightning to strike the enemies of truth, when, if I had the patient love of Jesus, I might have brought them willing captives to His feet? Eternal patience waits for men that it may win them to Omnipotent love.

Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," says, "In every college there ought to be a chair of humanity, and the best man that could be found ought to fill it, and into the classroom where such a man sat the students would go as into no other room. And out of it they would come, their eyes wet, and their hearts on fire to do and be as men and women in God's great world."

as command the confidence of the different parties, and be left to their arbitration. In such a case the plan is for each party to choose one officer or soldier as a representative, and then for these two to choose another comrade, who shall act as an umpire and who shall settle such matters as they cannot agree upon. All parties promising to accept the decision as an end of the dispute. In no case should Salvation Soldiers go to law in the ordinary way with respect to any differences which may exist between them. This is positively prohibited by the Holy Book, and must never be practiced. (I. Cor. vi. 1.)

### Quakerisms.

If thou wouldst have Him move thee, be still.

If thou wouldst hear Him speak, be silent.

If thou wouldst have Him control thee, be slow to speak.

If thou wouldst have Him mend thee, accept His discipline.

If thou wouldst have Him bless thee, see Him in all things.

If thou wouldst have Him dwell with thee, be poor in spirit.

If thou wouldst have His strength exerted for thee, be weak.

If thou wouldst catch His whisper, shut thine ears to other sounds.

If thou wouldst have Him impress thee, forsake thine own thoughts.

If thou wouldst have Him lead thee, forsake thine own desires.

If thou wouldst have Him all to thee, sink into nothingness before Him.

If thou wouldst have Him work mightily within thee, cease from thine own doings.

If thou wouldst have an unction from the Holy One, sink to the level of the lowly in wisdom.

If thou wouldst have Him change thee into His likeness, hold thyself at all times peacefully in His presence.

In short, if thou wouldst have the inner temple of thy being filled with God, cast out of it thyself and abandon it to Him.

### Be Patient.

O heart of mine! be patient;

Some glad day,

With all life's puzzling problems

Solved for aye,

With all its storms and doubtings

Cleared away,

With all its little disappointments past,

It shall be thine to understand at last.

Be patient! Some sweet day

The anxious care,

The fears and trials, and the

Heaven-sent

The grief that comes upon thee

Unaware,

Shall with the fleeting years be laid

aside

And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Be patient! Keep thy life-work

Well in hand;

Be trustful where thou canst not

Understand;

Thy lot where'er thou be, is

Wisely planned;

Whatever its mysteries, God holds the

key;

Thou wilt cannot trust Him, and hide

patiently.

### Giving Medicine to Children.

Hospital nurses will tell you that a large amount of work is required to get some patients to take medicine. This especially applies to children, who lack the reasoning powers of their elders. Care should be taken that no oily medicine touches the lips, and it is a good plan when such medicine has to be taken, to moisten the mouth—not the lips—with water previously. After taking bitter drugs—such as quassa, quinine, strychnine, etc.—the persistent taste is best removed by masticating and swallowing some pieces of dry bread. This wipes and cleanses the back of the tongue, and cleans away the nauseous taste.

Many medicines offend more by their small size than by their taste. Where such is the case, the nostrils should be closed with the fingers before the medicine comes within range of the olfactory sense, and kept closed until the draught or powder is swallowed.

# THE DRINK REVL

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"O Lone Divine Who stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast our earth-born care,  
We smile at pain when Thou art near."  
—Oliver W. Holmes.

But where was our Saviour seen the most frequently? In the midst of the sick and suffering. From the moment that He bade Peter's wife's mother arise from her couch, we find Him laying His hand of healing upon all the

"Almost imperceptible creature, in the sea build, in the Indian Ocean, a goblet. It is called Neptune's Cup. Sometimes it has a height of six feet and a breadth of three. It is created solely out of polyethylene, from any and all shrunk within their holes, and only issuing, in order to plunge their mires, scroopily-small arms into the waves. One of these creatures, struggling to keep its position on some reef, made, perhaps, by the graves of its predecessors, a hollow within its stem, and consultation with its warming mate. They all build and they fashion, little by little, the base of the goblet. They then carry up the long slender stem. They have no consultation with each other in their homes there under the sea. Each works off from communication with each other of an inmate of a cell in the wards of a prison is from his associates. They build the stem to the proper height, and then they begin to widen it. They enlarge the stem, and the stem enlarges the cup. They have no communication with each other. They build up the sides leaving a hollow within. Everything proceeds according to a plan. You have first the pedestal, then the stem, then the widened flange of the goblet, and finally the stem is widened to the heavens. The savage passes and gazes on Neptune's Cup in the Indian Ocean, and is struck with reverence. He says in his secret thought: These creatures cannot speak with each other; but they cannot on a plain as they were all in a consensus to produce just the stem, Neptune's Cup. Is the plan theirs or does it belong to a power above them? The

The effort was entered into with a beautiful spirit by both officers and soldiers alike, and the outcome was a great victory, for which we praise God.

I have just finished a successful trip through the District. We have had souls saved and recruits enrolled; altogether a good time all round.—James McHarg, D. O.

to have more consideration for the national afflictions of two so kindred spirits, and to have more sympathy with the ruthlessly separated them, but bind them together in one common bundle in their sufferings. When local preachers and influential members and class-leaders of the Methodist Church go into the business of growing this aluminic weed, they are giving the church a bad name in this country, applying the youth of this fair land with that which brings nothing to them but degradation, disrepute, and premature decay, their avowed object being money. I say it's time to stop this kind of business, and to put a subject such ungodly and unchristian practice. I am glad to know that the Salvation Army speaks with no uncertain sound on this subject, and I believe God will greatly prosper and utilize its efforts, and soldiers so long as they teach the word and doctrines evangelized in the Holy Book.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY—

Lieut. Fred. Bland, who came out of Rat Portage, in August, 1898, and last stationed at Provincial Headquarters, Winnipeg, promoted to glory from Winnipeg, on Sunday, 17th June, 1900.

## PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Klinger, Simcoe, to be Captain.  
Lieut. Beach, Forest, to be Captain.  
Lieut. Thompson, Bothwell, to be Captain.  
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside, to be Captain.  
Lieut. Hawhold, Sydney Mines, to be Captain.  
Lieut. Frood, Ottawa Rescue Home, to be Captain.  
Cadet Earl, Montreal Rescue Home, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

## APPOINTMENTS—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER, Goderich, to Hespeler.  
STAFF-CAPT. GALT, Victoria, to Spokane Corps and Training Garrison.  
ADJUT. MCGILLIVRAY, Fredericton, to Brantford Corps and District.  
ADJUT. WIGGINS, Barrie, to Fredericton Corps and District.  
ADJUT. AYRE, New Westminster, to Billings Corps and East Montana District.  
ADJUT. HAY, Billings, to New Westminster Corps and New Whatcom District.  
ADJUT. ORCHARD, Stratford, to Clinton Corps and District.  
ADJUT. STEVENS, Helena, to Roseland.  
ENSIGN COLLIER, resting, to Halifax Men's Social.  
ENSIGN SLOTE, Leamington, to St. Thomas.  
ENSIGN SCOTT, St. Thomas, to Stratford.  
ENSIGN PARSONS, Dartmouth, to Glace Bay.  
ENSIGN COLLETT, furlough, to Special Work (Industrial Colony).  
EVANGELINE G. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indian Islands, and the United States, by John H. C. Jones, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 140 Queen Street, Toronto, Ont.  
All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or enquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.  
All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.  
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## The Red Crusaders.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," is an aphorism to which all right-thinking people will readily subscribe. In those days of war and bloodshed we must not forget that, as followers of the lowly Nazarene, we should be more concerned about the triumphs of the Gospel than those of brute force. Our work, as Salvationists, is the making of peace between man and God. That they are substantial victories in connection with this work will be fully borne out by a careful perusal of the report appearing in these pages of our special summer salvation effort, known as the Red Crusaders' Campaign. Our untiring Commissioner, Miss Booth, continues to speak as the mouthpiece of

## Miss Booth at Kingston.

(SPECIAL)

Miss Booth and Red Crusaders arrived Kingston Saturday noon. Erected tent on Cricket Field, in Park, by kind permission of City Council. Crowds Saturday evening and all day Sunday very large. Commissioner in splendid trim. Her addresses excellent. Force, fire, faith and persuasion marked her words and conquered hearts in rebellion against God. Thirty-two souls found pardon and purity. Many military boys came to Christ. People are delighted with the visit of Miss Booth. Willie and Pearl's songs charmed everyone. To God be all the glory.

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

her Master. The results of her meetings in Cobourg, Deseronto, and Kingston fully justify us in stating that they are triumphs of salvation effort. It is no small task to face audiences of a thousand and over, and force spiritual matters so close home upon the hearts of those present as to bring about the immediate surrender of many to the claims of God. Such is the character of our leader's campaign through East Ontario, and we earnestly pray that more "renowned victories" may be gained ere it closes.

## Editorial Notes.

Lieut. Colonel Margotts, assisted by many Headquarters' Officers, conducts the Memorial Service of the late Professor Wiggins, at Lippincott St.

Major Southall passed through Toronto a few days ago, en route to the Old Country for a couple of months' furlough.

Those requiring a quiet rest after a hard spell of work at the front should call at Headquarters! With our beloved Commissioner, Chief Secretary, Editor, and a host of lesser lights away on the Red Crusade, the building is weird in its loneliness. Those left behind are, of course, working away steadily, but the hum of many voices is absent. Will our comrades please hurry back?

Toronto Corps-Cadets are doing exceptionally hard work, and successful work, too, at present. They went down to Oshawa for a week-end and came back delighted. The Oshawa folks were delighted, too.

Capt. Freeman, late of West Ontario, is busy making extensive alterations in the Lippincott Training Garrison, preparatory to the opening of the Session. Riverside's new barracks is coming a long way.

## The Comptrollers in the Riverside Tent.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton, Comptrollers of Finance, came over the Don and did meetings in the S. A. tent. In the morning the Major gave an interesting talk in the holiness meeting on "Little foxes." Mrs. Smeeton sang a solo. In the afternoon a good crowd gathered; Mrs. Smeeton read, and one soul came out. In the children's meeting nearly a hundred listened to a talk from the Major and his wife. At night the Major dealt with the people about the "Ten virgins." The appeal was particularly to backsliders. There were many who ought to have come to the Cross. We believe that the broad cast on the waters shall be seen after many days.—N. R. T.

## Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin at Dovercourt.

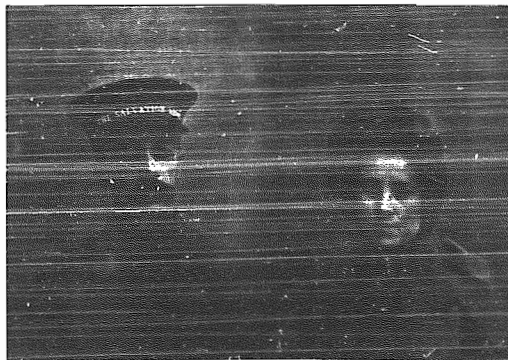
Good times in Dufferin Grove. Comrades sang and spoke with power. The Brigadier gave a forcible address. In spite of intense heat, a nice audience gathered in the barracks at night. Excellent meeting. One soul at the Mercy Seat.  
Monday night, splendid time. Big crowd, grand meeting. The ice cream social was much enjoyed.

## The Life-Boat Crew at Oshawa.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon and Creighton, Adjut. Attwell and Capt. Morris, with the Life Boat Crew, visited Oshawa last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Surging crowds at the open-air. Real, practical interest. Over \$10 collection in the open-air.

Barracks full Saturday night, Sunday afternoon and night. Town stirred. The interest of the people most marked. Over \$25 for the week-end.

The singing of the Crew and the testimonies of the officers were made a means of great blessing to the people.  
Finished up on Sunday night at 10 o'clock with a hallelujah war dance.



ADJUTANT AND MRS. BARR,  
Recently Appointed to Take Charge of Our Klondike Operations.



June 24th, 1900.

## THE CHINESE CRISIS.

Matters have gone from bad to worse during the last week. Admiral Seymour's force of 2,000 men, made up of marines of several of the Powers, has not yet been heard of. For fourteen days no news has come through from Peking, though one rumor states that the Relief Force reached the city safely, and is guarding the Legation, while another it to the effect that it was surrounded by an immense force of Chinese troops and cut to pieces.—A relief force that was sent after them, and tried to enter Tien Tsin, has been repulsed and suffered some loss.—Rear Admiral Bruce, writes the Admiralty office that only one rumor has come through from Tien Tsin for five days, and that the Foreign Settlements there are almost entirely destroyed.—The Russian Vice-Admiral is the senior officer of the operations.—The Chinese have been shelling the Foreign Settlement at Tien Tsin for several days, and it is, therefore, possible that a great number of Europeans and Americans have perished.—Admiral Kempff wires Washington that in an ambush near Tien Tsin, four Americans were killed and seven wounded.—It is stated that another Relief Force of 2,000 men is being despatched from Tientsin.—It is feared that Admiral Seymour's force has met with a severe check.—The gravity of the situation may be estimated from the following telegram sent to the London Daily Mail from Che Fu, which, however, may not be exactly true:—

"The attack on the Tien Tsin relief force was made by 20,000 Chinese, using machine guns and modern field pieces. The allies were wise in retreating. Forwarding detachments in this manner is suicidal, and the defeat of the foreigners, even though in small force, greatly aid the movement of the Boxers, which is gaining enormously through the inability of the foreigners to make headway against it. Practically the whole of northern China is ablaze. Hostilities are now conducted on an extended scale, due to direct orders from Peking. General Yinn Shi Kai, Governor of Shan Tung, commands 11,000 foreign drilled troops, organized to a high pitch of excellence, and equipped with Mausers. It was in the plans that these troops should go to Taku, but the seizure of the forts was effected before they could get there."

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

There has been no important engagement for some time.—The different columns are advancing, and since last week have occupied Heidelberg, Standerton, Krugersdorp, etc.—The Boers lost in the Orange River Colony are now cut off entirely from the Transvaal, and Lord Roberts hopes to capture them shortly.—The British prisoners captured since the occupation of Pretoria have been removed to Mafeking, where President Kruger is expected to be at present.—General Hutton and his mounted infantry, some of whom are Canadians, captured two Boer guns near Rustenburg.—General Baden-Powell reports that the country west of Pretoria is settling down. He found the leading Boers quite cordial in their greeting.—Lord Edward Cecil, the son of Prime Minister Lord Salisbury, and the Administrator of the Rustenburg District, reports the collection of 3,000 rifles to date, from Boers who have returned to their farms.  
It is reported that General Kitchener was nearly captured by the Boers at Leeuw Spruit, on June 14.—General Botha is reported to be suing for peace, while Oom Paul Kruger remains obstinate.

## CANADIAN ITEMS.

Lieut. Colonel Tyrwhitt, M.P., died in London on June 22.—The price of coal is to be advanced 25 cents per ton.—Hon. A. G. Blair will announce that for the first time in its history the Intercolonial Railway will have a surplus. It will amount to \$100,000.—Canada has received first prize for timber at the Paris Exhibition.—"Jack" Roach, a notorious criminal, has been sent down for twenty years.





MISS EVA BOOTH.

# The Commissioner's Red Crusade.

Miss Booth, on Horseback, Starts Ahead of the Khaki Contingent and Conducts a Crowded Meeting at Cobourg—The Red Crusaders Sail for the Battlefield—After that their Locomotion will be by Bicycles—Deseronto Invaded—An Encouraging Series of Meetings, with Seventeen Souls in the Fountain.



COLONEL JACOBS.

Winter or summer, rain or shine, blinding snow-storm or tropical heat—none of these contingencies can hinder the Field Commissioner from putting forth her persistent efforts for the salvation of souls. Adapting herself, therefore, to the great changes of seasons, Miss Booth has for three summers led on a bicycle brigade to reach the smaller places, thus reducing expenses.

It was, however, found that one meeting in a place is often insufficient to make the best use of the opportunities. The difficulty of securing halls, and making the people comfortable in those badly-ventilated during the hot weather, induced the Commissioner this summer to adopt a new plan. A fine, large tent, 50 feet by 100 feet, was rented for a period; a cycling brigade formed to accompany the Commissioner, and a stay of three days, on the average, for every place to be visited, was decided upon.

No machinery was set in motion. Letters were exchanged with the 'O. and F. O. tents, lamps, ropes, waggon, seats, boards, grounds, etc., were borrowed, rented, begged, or bought, and in short time the entire campaign was organized.

The Commissioner went in advance of the Red Crusaders—for such is the well-chosen title of the brigade—and conducted a meeting at Cobourg on Sunday night. The spacious Town Hall was crowded out completely, and the audience gave the utmost attention. Brigadier Pugmire and Capt. Arnold, who supported the Commissioner, were full of enthusiasm when reporting the Cobourg meeting.

## How We Travel.

The Red Crusaders, not counting the Commissioner, number fifteen. They are divided into four sections.

Section I, is composed of Colonel Jacobs, our Chief Secretary, as Captain, and Brigadier Pugmire, as Lieutenant. They also form the rank and file of Section I.

Section II, comprises the cyclists, with Brigadier Friedrich as Captain, and Staff-Capt. Morris as Lieutenant. Other

officers of the section are Adj. F. Morris, Adj. Page, Adj. Welch, Capt. Kaston and French.

Section III, forms the transport. It is in charge of Miss Hyde and Capt. Edwards, and travels with a team of horses, conveying in a wagon the large tent and the baggage of the Crusaders.

Section IV., in charge of Brother Walter Peacock, with Willie and Pearl, and Miss Booth's harp, travels by rail. So the Locomotion of the brigade is a complex, but exceedingly practical, arrangement!

## The Crusaders Set Sail for the East.

Like our namesakes of old, the first portion of our journey was to the East by boat. On Monday evening the people of Yonge Street noticed little troops of khaki-uniformed Salvationists wheeling towards the wharf. The special uniform, by the way, is neat and serviceable. Khaki in Persian word signifying the color of the earth, does not show the dirt, and the material is such as will stand the rough usage to which a tenting party will naturally put it. The trimmings are in red, black, and the black stockings and grey khaki-like hats make up a neat and useful uniform.

At Cobourg—2 o'clock in the morning—Brigadier Pugmire and Capt. Arnold joined us on the boat, and at 9 o'clock we all landed at Deseronto wharf. A nice dinner was prepared at the barracks.

## Deseronto, the Town.

Deseronto is a busy town. Lumber mills, charcoal kilns, chemical works, car shops, smelting works, are situated here. The well-known Rathbun firm has its large mill and factories here.

The population of the town is about 3,500, but there are scarcely sufficient houses for it. Rents and provisions are rather high, while the wages are not large in proportion, which makes living in Deseronto scarcely as enjoyable as in many larger cities of the Dominion.

The erection of the large tent is excellent physical exercise, not to use the harsh word which I heard somebody whisper, "hard work." There are scores and scores of stakes to be driven with a sledge hammer, and the erection of

three masts, and the pulling up of 1,200 lbs. of canvas, gives ample opportunity for the full use of muscular Christianity.

## Immortal Influence.

It is the general opinion of the Deseronto people that the influence of Miss Booth's meeting was incalculable. Her addresses were powerful, free, flowing, and full of point and conviction. Colonel Jacobs also led two very blessed gatherings. Possibly it will prove interesting to give here the report of a local citizen, who is not a Salvationist.

## What a Citizen Says.

"The new tent, erected here for the first time outside of Toronto, was comfortably filled at all the meetings. This tent is capable of holding over a thousand people, and as the town has a population of about 3,800, it is gratifying to know there were so few empty seats.

"Each evening the Red Crusade, with their band, paraded the principal streets of the town. The turnout was such as to attract all eyes. As the field batteries are exempted just west of the town, the populace has feasted its eyes on uniforms in plenty, but a real preference was evinced for the khaki 'Gorky,' one small boy had in) suits even by the Crusaders.

"The S. A. barracks is located near the centre of the town, and as there is a vacant lot adjoining on the south, a more convenient spot for the tent could hardly be imagined.

"Owing to the Commissioner being much fatigued on Wednesday, it was deemed advisable to have Colonel Jacobs conduct the first meetings. The services on Wednesday evening and Thursday afternoon were led by the Colonel.

"On Thursday evening the Commissioner took the platform. Her earnest and impressive words carried conviction to many present, and were received with thanksgiving by those who were brought to see the error of continuing on the broad path that leadeth to darkness and destruction. Her address on Friday evening was a thrilling and convincing one. She took the words of Isaiah, and from them built up, step by step, the way that leadeth to brightness of life

everlasting, comparing the fortitude and bravery of those who were on the right road, with the hopelessness and misery experienced by many whose selfish desires and sinful natures led them onto the broad road that leadeth down to black degradation and death.

"During the time Miss Booth was speaking the audience listened with

## Evident Appreciation of the Golden Truths

she laid before them. At the close five went forward to the Mercy Seat and professed conversion. It is hoped that much good will result from this summer's tour of the Red Crusaders.

"The wand and flag drills of Miss Booth's two little orphans were much admired, and the applause bestowed on them was liberal.

"After the audience filed out on Friday evening, the big tent was taken down and started on the road to Kingston, where the Red Crusaders are to hold a four-day campaign under canvas.

"The outing on bikes seems to have a good effect on all. Beyond a layer or two of extra bronze on the cheek, all are happy and hearty-looking. Anyway, the bronze adds to the looks of the sisters.

"The musical portion of the services is of a high order and well worthy of all the encomiums lavished on it.

"Deseronto would feel flattered were the big tent and the Crusaders to visit the town of lumber again. The probabilities are that much larger crowds would gather under the canvas."

## The Summary.

Altogether, at the meetings in Deseronto, seventeen souls bled at the penitent font, and appeared to be promising ones. The people were very kind in providing for the needs of the Crusaders, and making them comfortable, which is all the more appreciated since Deseronto is not a rich community, on the whole.

Next week we will report the journey to Kingston and our meetings in the Limestone City, at Sunbury, and Nanaimo.

While on your knees, put in an extra prayer for the soul-saving success of the Commissioner's Red Crusade.—B. F.

## The War in South Africa.

### A New Soldiers' Home for Cape Town

As we write Commissioner Railton is away in and around Kaffraria. Our native troops have been greatly stimulated and encouraged by his presence and counsel both here and in Zululand, where he has been quite in his element. The white soldiers of the Eastern Division have also had the privilege of a visit from Commissioner Railton during the last few weeks, and God has greatly honored his labors. Our

### Leaguers' Roll

is fast increasing. We have in the authority of Brigadier Howe, who just now is taking an especial interest in Tommy Atkins, that for some time past the Army has been making, on an average, one Leaguer a day! This is good news indeed. And if any evidence

were needed as to the interest the soldiers of the Queen take in our doings, it may be found any night of the week, and all day on Sunday, by the large and ever-increasing attendance of the military at our open-air and indoor meetings, and the good sprinkling of khaki at the penitent font.

A splendid sight was seen on Sunday night at the Cape Town Citadel, when several rows of stalwart soldiers of the Queen ranged themselves on the platform behind the Commissioner, and set a noble example to the saved civilian element in the body of the hall by earnest prayer, vigorous singing, and red-hot testimonials.

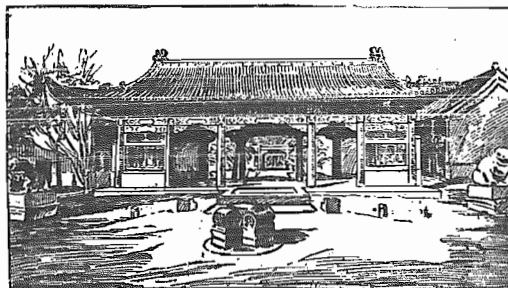
Capt. Pearce, the Scots Guards' Reservist, officiated as a sort of fagmaster; all the soldiers are devoted to him.

The Commissioner had just met a fine body of Leaguers at the tea-table in the Council Chamber, and had not prolonged were their volleys at the announcement that a new and commodious Soldiers' Home, in a fine central position of the city, and on a site generously loaned by the Mayor and Town Council, would shortly be an accomplished fact. The establishment of such an institution in

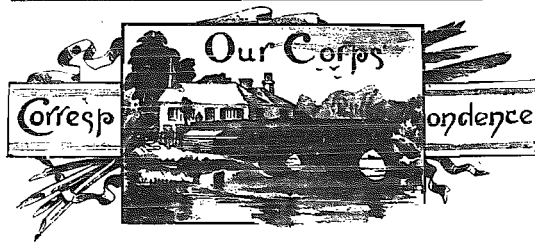
the Cape metropolis so soon after the opening of a similar Home in Kimberley will show to the readers of the War Cry that the interests of Tommy Atkins are being well considered.

The camp meetings are being continued with gratifying success, and hospital

visitation has become regular and systematic. But more workers are urgently needed, and money also for further developing this blessed work among the Imperial troops, whose appreciation of our efforts on their behalf is most marked.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.



THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKIN.



# NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE, ATTENTION!

Will our Newfoundland Correspondents please bear in mind that the postage rates between that country and Canada are:

Letters ..... 4 cents an oz.

Post Cards ..... 2 cents.

We are continually paying extra postage on one-cent post cards and two-cent letters.

**JACKSON'S COVE.**—We achieved a great victory in our S.-D. battle. People of Jackson's Cove and Harris' Harbour know how. \$3.95 over target.—R. Purh.

**BURIN.**—Have just got safely through S.-D. with our target smashed. Can also boast of a new quarters, which cost \$150, which will be ready for the use of officers by the last of June. Our soldiers' roll has been increased from 88 to 99. Quite a number of young folks have been added to our ranks, and all round there has been quite an improvement. Victory is the cry of the hour.—E. H.

**HANT'S HARBOR.**—We are so pleased to tell you all that our leader, Brigadier Sharp, has paid us a visit. God bless the Brigadier! Our P. O. Adjt. McKee, was with him, also Capt. Cumming, who was on her way home for a rest. Their visit was enjoyed by all. As the Brigadier spoke on quite a few points of the Army work everyone seemed to enjoy what was said. God's Spirit and power rested on the Brigadier. God spoke to many a heart. The soldiers and friends will welcome the Brigadier back again.—Capt. England.

**ST. JOHNS II.**—Special times are not things of the past at No. II. On Wednesday night, Adjt. Dowell and brass band, which was \$150, was smashed to pieces. Five souls at the Cross since last report.—Selma Morgan, R. C.



**GLACE BAY.**—Sunday, 7 a.m., 48 to kneedrift. At night we had an old-time battle with the forces of his Satanic Majesty. As the battle grew fiercer Brigadier-Generals Dimmock and McLennan entered the enemy's ranks and succeeded in capturing five prisoners. Talk about rejoicing! It almost equalled "Pretoria night." One brother, when he realized he was free, began to dance, and immediately went down into the audience and brought his chum to the penitent form. One soul Saturday night making six for the week.—Sergt. Major.

**CLARK'S HARBOR, N. S.**—God is with us here, and His hand is upon us for good. Praise His name! A dear comrade, who is anxious to be obedient to the promptings of God's Spirit, came forward seeking a firm hold of the strong hand of God in the holiness meeting. One dear sister sought and found pardon at the Cross in the Sunday night meeting. Our S.-D. target, by the blessing of God and the good work of the comrades, has been almost a good way above the standard set for us. We mean to fight for God and right.—Lieut. S. McWilliam.

**STELLARTON, N. S.**—Dead? No! Reached our Self-Denial target? Yes! and we have been told that has not been done here lately. We can shout the victory is won. Since last you heard from us one dear brother has returned to God, and obtained pardon and healing for his backslidings. On June 14th Major Pickering paid us a visit. There were some deeply convicted men and women. We were quite a treat, and all who attended thank Capt. and Mrs. McElheney for coming over and bringing the children. We say, "Come again, Major and Capt. and Mrs. McElheney."—Ella England. Capt.; Lizzie Leblanc, Lieut.



**BULLINGTON.**—We are marching on to victory here in this beautiful city. Our target for S.-D. was \$100, which is smashed and a thing of the past. Capt. Jones is the right person to pilot such things, and also does his share of work. Two have been lost to the Mercy Seat. Altogether we are having good times. Through Christ we can do valiantly.—Lieut. Newell.

**OTTAWA.**—On Sunday, 17th June, we marched to our usual open-air stand on the Market Square, in front of the Butler House, which we found in a muddy condition. Two policemen were on hand to greet us. They parlayed with Sergt.-Major Webber and Ensign Kingston, but we escaped just this time, and we had a grand open-air meeting. Bandmaster Downey, of Kingston, was with us Saturday and Sunday, being soloist for the occasion. We had a blessed spiritual day, winding up at night's meeting with four souls at the Mercy Seat—three Juniors and one Senior.—Sec. French.

**QUEBEC.**—Monday night I heard Capt. Bloss say, "A good meeting, a good collection, and one soul."—David Casiek, Treas.



**VICTORIA.**—Meetings first-rate. A few souls have been saved lately. Open-air splendid. Good crowds.—M. L.

**NELSON.**—We had Ensign Stangers with us on Saturday and Sunday, 9th and 10th of June, and I tell you we had grand meetings. One precious soul cried to God in the Sunday afternoon meeting, and I believe he got gloriously saved. At night two more were at the penitent form crying for mercy. They have both left town. I pray that they

may still look to Jesus. We have not been able to have our officers, with us for a couple of nights. They have been sick with colds, but I believe God's healing hand is upon them.—White Wings.

**KAMLOOPS.**—If the extending of Christ's Kingdom and the saving of souls were quoted in the same terms as the rise and fall of stocks in Wall St., I could safely say that S. A. stocks in Kamloops had risen 100 per cent. At any rate, by God's grace, assisted by Capt. Perronault's earnest, effectual songs and pleadings, and Capt. Langill's vocal and musical efforts, including Lloyd's "rich note," singing our corps have undergone a change for the better. Splendid open-air, good indoor attendance, and two more souls at the penitent form since last report. Bless God! We were sadly in need of more of His love and reviving influence.—Joe McGee.



**PARRY SOUND.**—"No retreat," is our motto. God is helping us. Ensign Burrows with us for a week-end. Everyone enjoyed themselves. At the close two souls sought pardon. To God we give the glory and march on.—E. Huskisson, Capt.

**FEVERSHAM.**—Hallelujah! Who says Feversham is dead? It's not so. We are having glorious times here. The old devil is getting it hot and heavy. Good crowds are coming out. Our motto is, "We are in for war."—Lieut. Marshall, for Capt. Wadge.

**YORKVILLE.**—Capt. Welsh led on the Yorkville braves on Sunday in the absence of Capt. Rose, who was specialising in Brooklyn. After nearly eleven months at this camp, Capt. Rose has received farewell orders. He leaves for his home in Newfoundland in July.—Bert.



**DAUPHIN.**—On Wednesday morning (mounted on a pump-wagon) your humble servant started for the Tamarisk schoolhouse, a distance of some thirty miles, to hold a meeting at night. The drive was beautiful, with the exception of the extreme heat, but, nevertheless, I arrived on time. I was met at the farm of Mr. Evans, by two of the soldiers, Elijah and Seth Tiamie. These two comrades are farming in that neighborhood. A great interest in the Sunday School and different services there. Had a good supper at Bro. W. J. Stephens' (the Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School). This brother then lifted up his team and drove us over to the school. "But here! we have a load! When we arrived at the schoolhouse we found it well filled, and before the service began it was packed, having some 100 inside, with a number outside. It was a meeting long to be remembered. The dear people sang very well. A number gave testimony to the saving power of Christ; but, best of all, one precious soul got saved. Many were moved to tears during the meeting. Started home next morning well satisfied with the result. It was a long trip. Bro. Bell, who was selling the pumps, had to call at a number of farm houses. Arrived home about ten-time, having driven some 75 miles. Dauphin corps advances. Three souls last week.—Geo. Gamble, C. O.

**CALGARY.**—Although there has been no report sent in from our war office for some time, yet there is some real fighting being done. During the past few weeks four backsliders have returned to God, many of the sinners are deeply convicted of sin, and while we are in the midst of S.-D., we rejoice that God is wonderfully blessing and helping us. Officers are full of life and hope. Sure to win in the S.-D. line. Good crowds attend our open-air meetings, and in spite of so many outside attractions, our inside meetings are well attended.—Bro. R. Dunlop.

**MOOSOMIN.**—Glad to report victory. Ensign Perry with us for week-end.

Saturday night he was dressed as a crusader, and drew a large crowd to our open-air. His address in the band was good. Sunday was a day of victory. One young man, who was at the open-air Saturday night, got saved, yes, gloriously saved, in the afternoon, and at night another followed suite. Others were trenched. Praise God.—Oscar Rice.

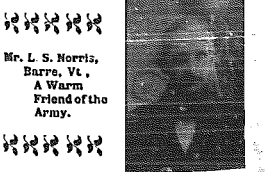
**PRINCE ALBERT.**—Nothing extraordinary has happened since last report, except we wound up S.-D. on time and reached our target. Glory to God! One soul saved during S.-D. week. The devil is still opposing us in every way he can, but, by the might of our God, we are determined to conquer. Soldiers are getting more fire. Look out, old devil.—T. W. L.

**LETHBRIDGE.**—This week has been devoted to the S.-D. target of \$100, and God has blessed us in raising the same, although we did no public begging for our Senior target. The Juniors held a "Sale of Work" with an ice cream social at the close. This enabled them to raise theirs in short time, but not without careful study and training of the Band of Love children by their officers, during the past few weeks. The targets were \$85 and \$15 respectively. God is wonderfully blessing us here. The new barracks is still progressing, and we are praying God to raise the blessing on the completion of the work. During the past week we captured a brother from the Nelson corps, who came here in search of work, and found Christ in His saving power, after eight months of the empty pleasures of the world.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.



**RIDGETOWN.**—We know not what a day of joy we are now living. We prove the truth of those words on Saturday. While arranging for Sunday's meetings, a telegram came saying Capt. Haley's brother was very sick; come home at once. She could not go till Monday morning. We went to the meeting Saturday night, and Sunday, and the sympathy that was shown for the Captain will never be forgotten. From early knee-drill till the last word was spoken Sunday night, God's Spirit prevailed. Both Sunday afternoon and night there was not a dry eye in the building, which was nearly filled. People who at other times seemed trifling, could not keep the tears from falling. God's Spirit spoke to many hearts. At the close two souls were saved. Praise God! God bless the dear people of Ridgetown.—Lieut. F. M. Cook.

**TINGEINOLL.**—By special invitation of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Christopher, the Sunday afternoon open-air was held on their beautiful lawn. It was a rather pretty sight which met our gaze as we drove up. The little group of kneeling and uniformed soldiers with the colors waving, surrounded by the beauty of nature, and as a background, the beautiful home with the friends sitting outside. God's Spirit, too, was realized and His power manifested in song, testimony, prayer, and music. Bros. Flowers and Smith of London, and others from Woodstock, reinforced the home corps, and did good work for God. We are glad to carry the King's message to some who are not able to come to us, and trust hearts were cheered and blessed by the meeting. We left with a hearty invitation to "come again." Inside, Capt. Wells, ever a welcome guest, read with power Paul's testimony before Agrippa, and God's willingness to keep. May His love bind us together to face the foe, and bring sinners home.—An old stand-by, M. K.



## (Continued.)

**"Good-bye! Meet Me in Heaven."**

Bro. Jensen and Son, Skagway, Alaska.

**"He Is After Gold, Like the Rest."**

## Winnipeg's New Barracks:

**Mr. Whitla Lays the Corner Stone—Major Southall's Latest Triumph.**

Major and Mrs. Collier, Headquarters  
Toronto.

## A TRIP TO CAPE BRETON.

## Our Pacific Leaguers Capture Many Prisoners.

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Historical Group  
• Photo. •

**\$2.00 EACH,**  
 prepaid to any part of the world, from  
**BRIGADIER CAYGILL,**  
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of N. B.—his group contains 714 men, of which can be clearly distinguished. They represent officers of the Salvation Army in almost every country, including the General and his family, and the Commissioners of the different territories. Canada is well represented; besides the Booth, our highest Commissioner, there are the recognized Col. and Mrs. Jacobs, Lt.-Col. Marquette, Lt.-Col. Mrs. Read, the late Brig. Read, Brig. and Mrs. Friedrich, Brig. and Mrs. Pugnire, Brig. and Mrs. Compila, Brig. Sharp, Major and Mrs. Horn, Major and Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. McMillan, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Rawling, Staff-Capt. Stanton, Staff-Capt. Archibald, Staff-Capt. Cowan, and a number of other Staff and Field Officers.

## Faithful to the End.

Brother Goodenough, of Lindsay, Goes to His Reward.

It is our painful duty to report the death of an old and staunch friend, in the person of dear Father Goodenough, who for the past 17 years has stood by the Army through evil report and good report. He was born in Hartland, Devonshire, England, in 1821, and came to Canada in 1851. He located in Ops Township, where he resided until about 20 years ago, when he removed to Lindsay. About the year 1883, Father identified himself with the Army through joining the Auxiliary League. His place from that time—about the third seat from the front—was seldom vacant until about a year ago, when disease took hold of his poor frame and he was confined to his house. From that time he began to go down the hill very rapidly, in spite of the best medical aid and nursing at the hands of his

for a few moments he was conscious of his position and surroundings, and told those around him he was saved and ready to die, and then sang a verse of his favorite song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

He was a native of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and was converted in Pennsylvania, U. S. A., 24 years ago. He joined the S. A. in Vancouver about 8 years ago. We gave him an Army funeral. English Stripes was with us and rendered valuable help. A good crowd came to the service at the hall at 2 p. m. We had also a memorial service at night; both meetings were very impressive, and though many were deeply courited none yielded.—A. C. for Gooding and Long, C. O's.



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We wish for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, send wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty, address Commissioner Evangelist Scott, 16 Alber St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. They ought to be sent, if possible, to Canada.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to see regularly through this column and to notify 32 commissions if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First Insertion.

JONES, J. A. Telegraph operator and repairer. Last heard of 12 years ago, between Kingston and Brockville. Height 5 ft. 11 in., sandy mustache and whiskers, weight 150 lbs. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TERRELL, MORGAN, of Belleville, desires information as to the whereabouts of his wife Elizabeth, and little boy, who left Belleville a few weeks ago. He promises to be a better man if she will return. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

## Second Insertion.

GARDINER, WILLIAM HARMAN. Age 28. Was brought with brother Victor from Boston to Detroit in 1880, and parted in Wayne County. Victor enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WESTWARD, ANNIE. Age 80. Last known address, Lambton County, Nova Scotia. Sister Enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TULLY, EDWARD. Left Dresden 12 years ago. Last heard of in Denver, Col. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HACKETT, THOMAS WALTER. Age 33, height 6 ft., brown hair and eyes. Was boss in stone quarry. Last heard of nine years ago in Porto Costa, Cal. Supposed to be in Capt. Nome, Alaska. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DUNHAM, GEORGE H. Age 51, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair, thick set. Left San Francisco for Dawson, in March, 1898. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Animal resistance is, no doubt, common; but the pure article, courage with conduct, self-possession at the cannon's mouth, cheerfulness in lonely adherence to the right, is the endowment of elevated characters.—Emerson.

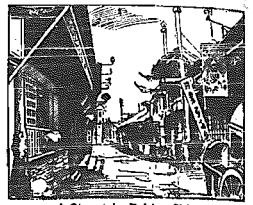
## C.O.P. Officers in Council

AT RICHMOND STREET.

On Monday afternoon, 18th, a look into the Exchange Home, on Farley Ave., would have convinced anyone that the "S. A. Ministerial Brethren" of the city, and a few from the near-by hand corps, were bent on making the best of the council led by the Assistant Provincial Officer and the Chancellor of the C. O. P. After the Major started off with a ringing song, the "tiny tots" of the Home were placed on seats just outside the door, and the smiles from their faces and the claps from their little hands made some of us think of former days. Everyone was pleased to hear a letter read by Staff-Capt. Stanyon from Brigadier Gaskin, who was away at the time leading forth our Brampton comrades. Mrs. Scott-Capt. Taylor, from Montreal, sang, "Hear ye the battle cry?" Major Turner said that now we had got in together after the S.-D. conflict, we could rejoice together over the victories. He spoke then of the advantages of open-air work during the hot, sultry months. The Century Scheme was next on the program. Figures were given of the advances already made and everyone felt assured that at the end of the year the respective targets would be handled by the C. O. P. comrades in a way that they always handle their special efforts. Capt. Richmond, with his violin, sang, "Peace, sweet peace." Major said he was pleased to report that there had been an increase during the year of 1,000 soldiers throughout the Dominion, notwithstanding the losses by death, etc., etc. He then spoke of the great need of more interest in the J. S. work. Staff-Captain threw out a suggestion that some of the corps amalgamate for an excursion to St. Catharines by boat. Major next read a part of the 4th chapter of St. Matthew, and spoke forcibly on "The Temptations of Jesus." Messdames Turner and Taylor, Adjts. Cameron, Moore, Seagr, and DeBrisay, Capts. Banks and White, and Lieut. Liddard, and others, spoke a few words. Mention was made of our late comrade, Professor Wiggins, whose wife and family were shown much sympathy in their bereavement. We all repaired to the Huron St. Barracks, to find Ensign and Mrs. Walker with a beautiful spread of good things for the officers.

At 7:15 we gathered at the corner of Spadina and Queen Streets, for an open-air, led by Staff-Capt. Stanyon. Inside a great crowd had already gathered. After the opening song and prayer, your humble dues sang, "For me." Huron Street's "Limma" and "Colonel" Matchett humorously spoke. Not only that, but their feet got unsteady, and they began to get them tangled up doing a jig. The Major found himself taking part in proceedings of somewhat the same nature. Captains Will and Kivell sang a duet. Adj. Moore kept the testimonies going fast and thick. Capt. Richmond sang a solo. "Colonel" Matchett sang a solo: he is himself responsible for the composition. A little later Lieut. Liddard sang, and then Adj. Cameron followed with a couple of verses from God's word. Three Corps-Cadeis from Lisgar St. sang a trio and spoke. The meeting closed leaving blessing and cheer to our hearts.

—T.



A Street in Peking, China.

## Coming Events.

## The Field Commissioner,

MISS BOOTH,

ACCOMPANIED BY

The Territorial Staff Band,

WILL VISIT

Grimsbey Park,

AND DELIVER TWO ADDRESSES

ON

SUNDAY, JULY 15th,

At 3 and 7.30 p.m.

The Staff Band will conduct a Musical Festival on Saturday at 8 p.m., and a Holiness Meeting on Sunday at 11 a.m.

## LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS

Will Conduct Tent Meetings

at

RIVERSIDE, Sunday, July 8.

## LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL, will visit

North Sydney, Sunday, July 8.

Sydney, Monday, July 9.

Glace Bay, Tuesday, July 10.

Sydney Mines, Wednesday, July 11.

New Sydney, Thursday, July 12.

New Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and Mon.

July 14, 15, 16.

Truro, Tuesday, July 17.

Halifax, Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun.

July 19 to 22. (Rescue Anniversary and Opening of New Home)

Dartmouth, Wednesday, July 23.

Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., July 25, 27.

Yarmouth, Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 28, 29, 30.

Digby, Tuesday, July 31.

Moncton, Thursday, Aug. 2.

St. John, Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., and Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Rescue Anniversary.)

## BRIGADIER and MRS. GASKIN

Lisgar St., Thursday, July 12. (Hal-leluiah Wedding.)

## MAJOR and MRS. TURNER

Will Conduct Camp Meetings at

Faversham, week ending July 7, and Sunday, July 8.

## G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Medicine Hat, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., July 11, 12, 13.

Moose Jaw, Sat. and Sun., July 14, 15.

Minot, Tues. and Wed., July 17, 18.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Fenelon Falls, Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 14, 15, 16.

Kimnour, Tuesday, July 17.

Norland, Wednesday, July 18.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Kingville, Thursday, July 12.

Windsor, Fri., Sat., and Sun., July 18, 19, 20.

Essex, Mon. and Tues., July 16, 17.

Tilbury, Wednesday, July 18.



BROTHER GOODENOUGH, Lindsay.

daughter, Mrs. Moyse. On May 18th, about 4:30 p.m., his spirit took its flight to the God Who gave. Capt. and Mrs. Hanna, on visiting him about two hours before he passed away, found him near the river. He requested a quiet Army funeral, conducted by Mrs. Hanna.

She read a few words from the Bible, and asked him, "What shall I tell the Lord?" His answer was, "Tell Him the good news, I am coming to Him." I then asked him how he would like to be buried. He said, "Do not go to any extra expense; just a plain coffin. You will see to everything in connection with the funeral."

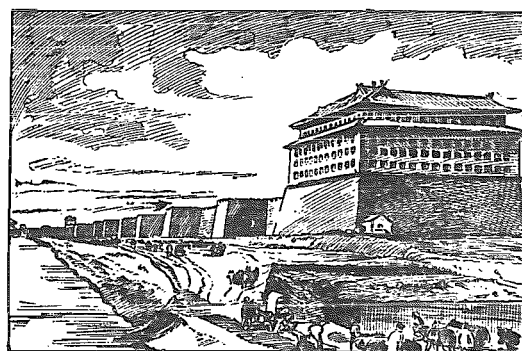
He then called his daughter to his side and said, "I am dying," and bending over she kissed him a fond farewell until the morning. Then he exclaimed, "Don't you see them? There are thousands of them." The presence of God filled the room as the dear saint and soldier went sweeping through the gates.

On Monday, the 20th, the house was filled to overflowing with a large crowd of comrades and friends. The home was ever open to many sick and wounded officers and soldiers.

An impressive service was conducted by Capt. and Mrs. Hanna, also at the cemetery, where many gathered to pay the last respects. As we sang "There's no Friend like Jesus, there's no place like home," a backslidden comrade returned to God and the Army. His place is vacant in our barracks and in his home, but our loss is heaven's gain.—Arthur Moore, Sergt.-Major.

## Promoted to Glory from Rossland, B.C.

Bro. Geo. McClusky, late of Vancouver, arrived here about three weeks ago, and though of a retiring disposition, yet his happy face and bright testimony made him to be loved by all. His promotion has left a blank much felt in our ranks. On Wednesday, the 14th, he went to the meeting; he prayed most earnestly and in his testimony mentioned the uncertainty of life, and urged the necessity to get ready. His words and earnestness were remarked by quite a few of the comrades present. The next day, but felt unwell, stayed at home Friday, but was taken to the hospital Saturday delirious, and, but for a few short intervals, remained so till his soul was set free at 11:30 a.m., Monday, the 11th. He was visited by a few comrades, and on Sunday afternoon



THE WALLS OF PEKING, CHINA.



# "HE IS GOING TO TAKE ME!"

Being a Synopsis of the Career and Promotion of Our Glorified Comrade, the Late Professor Wiggins.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

A drum was heard and a funeral note,  
As our song was to Mount Pleasant we wended;  
But 'tis hard to realize, 'e'en since we returned,  
That our comrade's career on earth's ended.

J. E. M.

"He is going to take me," were the last words which our dear departed brother, Professor Wiggins, intelligently uttered before his now-glorified spirit had flitted from his "house of clay" to be "for ever with the Lord."

## A Sudden Call.

The call, though not altogether unexpected, at last came very suddenly. Staff-Capt. Creighton was assisting the Colonel in the tent meeting in Dufferin Grove on Sunday night, 17th June, when a messenger brought the news: "Professor Wiggins is dying. You are wanted immediately at the hospital." The Staff-Captain hastened away with all speed. We were all hoping that the good news which had a day or two previously reached us that he was better and meant that soon he would be restored to health, and to the work which he loved and was vigorously pushing, when five weeks prior to this he was stricken down with the sickness which ended his earthly career—an obscure disease of the nerves. Early on Monday morning he had for ever laid aside the piano and the discords of earth to take his place at the harp and to revel through eternal day in the heavenly harmonies of the skies.

## An Interesting Career.

Professor Wiggins was such a well-known character throughout the Dominion of Canada that possibly an outline of his career may prove to be of considerable interest to our many readers. Apart from that fact, however, the work he put in for the Army, especially in former days, merits some recognition.

Wiggins as a musician. The many who have watched and listened to his clever executions upon the piano are their own conclusions. The fact that he graduated from the Royal Academy of Music in London, England, as B.A., accounts for more, perhaps, than anything I could say, but it appears from a child he inherited a love, and possessed an aptitude, for music such as is certainly exceptional. It was this feature that marked him out, as a boy, and placed him in the proud position of having played before Her Majesty Queen Victoria shortly after he was six years of age.

It was the opportunity for musical development which attracted him to the British Army. The three years he spent at Fredericton were put in as instructor of music at the Military School. Upon his release he immediately returned to London, England, and re-entered the Royal Academy of Music, where, after receiving his degree of B.A., he remained for one year as a teacher.

Later, he introduced music into the Collegiate Institute, at Whitby, Ont., and was recognized as one of the Professors of the same. He was married to Miss Annie King, on October 15th, 1879.

## His Conversion.

It was while Professor Wiggins was living in Whitby, Ont., that the Army "opened his eyes." One day, as he was on the street he began to think that the Judgment Day was drawing nigh, and that it was high time he had quit the one unfortunate habit of his life, which had been the "cup of bitterness" to himself, to his dear wife, and to their personal friends—the drink. He listened to the Army on the street two or three times, followed them to the barracks, and there sought and found salvation. The characteristic reformation of conversion was soon manifest, not only in the changed life respecting himself, but also in the happiness, comfort, and joy which illumined and radiated his family and home.

## Army Service.

He became a soldier, and a year or so later applied for officership. He was accepted, and did service at Headquarters, following as Field Officer at Cobourg, Kingston, and Perth.

The kind of service which he rendered may be very well gauged from the following reports extracted from the War Cry:

## Cobourg, June 1885.

Cobourg is going up. Two souls and three wanderers have returned. A great, broad-set man, half-tipsy, said, "That he felt led by the Spirit of God to come into the barracks, and every word that was said shot him right in the heart: he felt the meeting was expressly for him. He was brought up of wealthy and praying parents, but ran away from home (State of New York), and was led away. He also had a praying wife, but, owing to his drinking habits, she could not stay with him. He has been separated from her for several years. For fifteen years he has been connected with the 'Red Robin' American Circus, driving a barrel wagon, and other things connected with the devil's plaything; but, praise God! he thanked the blessed Saviour that He led him into the despised Salvation Army barracks, for Jesus had shown him the light."

He has left the circus and will go home to his wife and trust God in the future. Glory, praise, and power to God for ever.

## Cobourg, September, 1885.

Since our last report three precious souls have wept their way to Calvary. Our meetings Sunday, grand; the power of God came down; sinners trembled; tears flowing. Happy Jimmie, myself, and wife farewelled for another battle-field. Glory to God! We made a fresh covenant with Jesus, and "Where He leads we will follow." The circus is going out just because the soldiers and officers are living low down at the feet of Jesus. Saturday, our last "How-to-be-happy, -I-Love-Jesus, -Sal-

vation-demonstration," took the people by surprise on the Market Square. Following as the people came forward to bid us good-bye. Thank God, a good number of them promised to meet us in heaven. When giving my experience as a drunkard, many years the prayers offered up for me that I might be kept faithful. I wanted the person who had bet \$200 that he would have me drunk before I left Cobourg, to give me part of it for a donation, to help roll the old church along. Victory through the Blood!

## In Prison.

While stationed in Brockville, indeed it was in connection with the advent of the Army to that city, Captain Wiggins was, like Paul, honored as being made a prisoner for the Gospel's sake. The following report appeared in the War Cry dated October, 1885, under the heading:

## Slog of Brockville.

Having marched for a short distance singing several choruses, we halted on a slightly raised elevation near the Post Office, frequently used by putative medicine men, and fired in among the hundreds of people with whom we were surrounded. While engaged in singing—

"O'er the battlements of Glory,

His ones are looking down,"

a gentleman, who proved to be the Chief of Police, stepped up, touched Capt. Wiggins gently with his cane and drew him to one side.

"You are the Captain, I presume," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the Captain.

"We cannot tolerate your disturbing the peace thus," responded the police officer. "You must not see fit this manner any more on public streets."

"We will obey God, sir,"

"Well, you understand, if this is repeated, I will have to do my duty and lock you up."

"I do my duty," replied the Captain.

"Do your duty, and we will do our duty to God."

The intention of the Magistrate to arrest us was soon known, and spread like wildfire. A few moments after some thousands of various people had accumulated on the streets, waiting for us and anxious to see the results. The Captain and I, and I, threw ourselves in the hands of God, and with hearts full of love for the souls raised their voices as they passed through the masses of people on either side of the street, and sang:

"Oh, yes, there's salvation for you."

They had not gone far, however, before Capt. Wiggins experienced the application of the Bobby's hand to the back of his coat collar. Hoping along in this awkward position, he continued to sing:

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour."

"Then didn't shed Thy blood for me,

And though all men should forsake me,

By Thy grace I'll follow Thee."

Cadet Bell, meanwhile, was affectionately embraced in the loving arms of a man in a blue coat with brass buttons. Honored with such attention, they were ushered into the precincts of the police station. After an hour's kneel and song, just when Capt. Wiggins was feeling for the softest plank, and had found the one with the fewest knots, the gentleman in blue entered, and after taking their names, stated that they could go, with the understanding that they would appear the following morning at 10 o'clock.

Ten o'clock Monday morning arrived. The prisoners were taken to court and charged with violating the by-law. After a prolonged discussion, in which the officers expressed their intention to obey God rather than man, they fell on their knees and prayed that "God would bless and strengthen the authorities and expressed their willingness to go to prison if the Lord desired it."

The Magistrate gave them the option of paying one dollar each and costs, or being sent to jail for ten days. He also stated that this being the first offence he had it in his power to discharge them if they would promise to desist, which, of course, would mean disobedience to God. Rather than this, they took the ten days in Brockville jail, the Cadet singing as he went.

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here,

He's everything to me."

Following his command at Perth, he travelled through the country making and singing Salvation Army music and

songs, and telling what Christ had done for him through the Army's instrumentality.

## His Compositions.

It was immediately after his release from Brockville jail that he wrote the words of many of the songs which has gone all round the world:

"Forward soldiers, marching on to war,  
Left out soldiers, keep the case in view;  
We shall conquer, for we know we are  
True Blood-and-Fire soldiers of the  
King of Kings."

Several other songs which Brother Wiggins made have had a similar popularity, among them are those with music contained in this and following issues, and the songs which the following are the choruses:

"List to the Saviour's voice speaking,

"I love thee, I love thee; poor soul

come to Me;

My blood that was shed is still fresh

and flowing

To cleanse thee from sin, from sin.

"Come, come, be set free."

"Take a ticket tonight to Heaven, now's

the time;

All aboard, the train is now ready;

Single tickets only issued on this line,

No stopping till you get to Glory."

He visited the Crystal Palace, in London, England, at our Triennial Congress, in 1880, when he, with many others, witnessed a sight which has, perhaps, never been so vividly etched in the mind of the Lamb of God who washed away his sins. Writing to his wife from the Congress Hall, Clapton, London, Eng., he says:

"I cannot describe to you the grandeur of the occasion and the meetings at the Crystal Palace. I trembled and cried with delight. About one hundred and thirty thousand people present, 5,200 officers among them, every country represented. I saw the Lord's table set on the piano at the Palace, 500 out to the pentecost form."

And that so soon after this a chapter occurred in his history which is, perhaps, the most precious in his life, the sake of others who may have fallen, and are now away from God, we would like to say we believe was all long since forgiven.

## His Restoration.

When another record is written—or rather is revealed—we believe it is most likely to show that, under God, his restoration was chiefly attributable to the loving, faithful, and uniring efforts of one or two of the members of our Territorial Headquarters' Staff, who, from the day they first came across his pathway, have never ceased to visit him, pray with and for him, and do all in their power to assist him in other ways. It was some time before he more than once per day, until they knew for certain that he had complete victory over his old besetment, and that his feet were again well established in the ways of righteousness.

Near the latter end of 1889, the writer and the General Secretary were walking up Yonge Street and we met Brother Wiggins, where, in conversation, he assured us that the next day, being Sunday, he was going to Lippincott barracks to give himself afresh to God. The Chief Secretary was specialising there on the Sunday in question, and, true to his word, he was there, and he won the prize he had so long sought—salvation.

From that day to the day of his death he has been most diligent, and as a soldier has gloried in the grace that saved him. He has composed several new songs, among them being:

"For His Spirit every moment followed me."

Nor was he slow to express his appreciation and gratitude to the people and organization which carried to his weary heart the "Grace of Christ Jesus."

His end was peace; and after an impressive service in the barracks, where he loved to come and "sing, and pray, and play for Jesus," as he used to say, he was given a soldier's funeral, his body being laid in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, on Tuesday, June 19th.

None, apart from his own loved ones, miss Professor Wiggins more than do the soldiers of the Lippincott corps, and the numbers of Salvation Army children who were reeling at his hands and arms, loving and valuable musical education. Our readers will remember in tender pleading those left behind.



PROFESSOR WIGGINS.

He was born in the town of Leeds, Yorkshire, Eng., August 29th, 1842, and joined the British Army when sixteen years of age, doing eight years' service. He served in the Indian Military, after which, and during his military service, he was drafted to America. On the journey the troops suffered shipwreck for no less a period than three months—the last six weeks of which each man was allowed but one pound of biscuits per week as rations. On arriving at Bermuda the soldiers were so weary that they were compelled to pay in advance for coffee before being allowed to land. He completed his military career at Fredericton, N. B., where, being disabled through sickness, he was permanently relieved from the service.

The three years following he spent in the capacity of Railway Station Master, in the Old Country, returning again to America in 1878.

## A Musical Genius.

There is no need for me to dwell on the accomplishments of Geo. A. O.

# MUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

The Downfall of Nigger!—Arab Winks His Winning Eye Again  
—Mysterious Mag — Transcendent "Star" — Best  
Klondike Wishes—Welcome, Port Essington.

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

## THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province .....	87
East Ontario Province .....	82
Central Ontario Province .....	80

—[1]—

How are the mighty fallen!

—[1]—

That winning gall of Nigger's is now locked!

—[1]—

Faithful Arab! Long may thy friends live and quick may thy foes be senttered.

—[1]—

How vain, after all, are our boasts! Should not all these and down-falls remind us that we are but mortals, and, therefore, liable to err?

—[1]—

I'm afraid the expression on the face of Mr. Solibbins will have its counterpart in many a wayside cottage in Central Ontario. Alas, poor Nigger!

—[1]—

Mag is a supreme wonder to me. I can't understand how it is she can't get either first or last! To be half-way between so often is really expensating. Brigadier Pugmire should devote more time to the interesting study of "The Horse, and How to Train it." Well, he get there then? did you ask? Would I never!

—[1]—

Lieut. Smith, of London is well to the front with her 216 War Cry. But will London please notice that with 10 boomers selling 20 each, they would enable their idol to get a good many paces ahead! That's so, ain't it?

—[1]—

## THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 102	Pacific .....	41
	Newfoundland .....	8
	Klondike .....	2
Totals ..	102	51

—[1]—

Hurrah for the Eastern Star!

—[1]—

It has a most remarkable habit of setting one week and batching out a new brood of victories the next!

—[1]—

I have seen Adj. Frank Morris, late of Dawson City. As soon as I can I'm going to ask how all those boomers are getting on.

—[1]—

Adj. Barr is an old and esteemed friend of mine. He won't forget the mighty War Cry when he reaches the Golden City. I should like to make just one request, and that is, if he finds his boomers' names won't reach me in time for the next issue, will he please wire them?

—[1]—

That St. Johns I. again! Oh, if I could only lay my hands on Adjutant Dowell! He'd have an unpleasant quarter of an hour, you're right. And it wouldn't surprise me if he could be seen looking round for some hair tonic after I got through with him.

—[1]—

I see Capt. Southall goes to Skagway. Success to you, Captain. One of the best things I can wish you is that a real War Cry boom may strike the town about the same time as you do.

—[1]—

Hurrah for Port Essington! The worthy Ensign Thorkildson must let us have the photos of his boomers. Don't forget now. Wouldn't it be lovely just to drop into his little Salvation village and give each and all a good handshake!

## THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London .....	216
Capt. Sizer, Woodstock .....	185
Capt. Hellman, Chatham .....	175
Capt. Howcroft, Stratford .....	120
Ensign Slat, Leamington .....	100
Lieut. Maisoy, Goderich .....	100
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Stratford .....	97
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford .....	97
S. M. Bateman, Stratford .....	88
Ensign Green, Windsor .....	85
Lieut. Knuckle, Galt .....	85
Capt. Henter, St. Thomas .....	85
Capt. Williams, Galt .....	85
Capt. Green, Windsor .....	75
Lieut. Plant, Clinton .....	74
Capt. Pye, Sarnia .....	70
Autie Wright, Ingersoll .....	68
Lieut. Crank, Wingham .....	66
Ensign Barnes, Dresden .....	66
Sister Poster, Petrolia .....	65
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford .....	64
Capt. Freeman, Berlin .....	63
Mrs. Richards, Guelph .....	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell .....	60
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas .....	58
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich .....	57
Lieut. Carley, Norwich .....	55
Ensign Wakefield, London .....	55
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway .....	55
Lieut. Angler, Simcoe .....	55
Lieut. Penney, Blenheim .....	55
Ensign Gambia, Wallaceburg .....	52
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph .....	51
Sister Barnes, Petrolia .....	50
Mrs. Hills, Sarnia .....	50
Capt. Wiseman, Gt. Westford .....	50
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg .....	45
Capt. Dowell, Sarnia .....	43
Mrs. Harris, London .....	42
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg .....	40
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg .....	40
Fred Palmer, London .....	40
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock .....	40
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex .....	40
Sergt. Wakefield, Forest .....	40
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield .....	40
Capt. Looney, Wyoming .....	40
Lieut. Stickels, Sarnia .....	40
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin .....	36
Major Broadwell, Kingsville .....	35
Capt. Crawford, Hespeler .....	35
Eva Simpson, Galt .....	35
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway .....	35
Capt. Campbell, Clinton .....	35
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Berlin .....	33
Gertie Yeomans, Brantford .....	32
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler .....	30
Capt. Carr, Watford .....	30
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston .....	30
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe .....	30
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton .....	30
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll .....	28
Capt. Cox, Hespeler .....	28
Stanley Gammage, Chatham .....	26
Sister Anderson, Watford .....	26
Sister Allen, Wallaceburg .....	25
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway .....	25
Capt. Huitlandson, Essex .....	25
Eva Simpson, Galt .....	25
Capt. Burton, Palmerston .....	25
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas .....	24
Capt. Gibson, Paris .....	23
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll .....	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor .....	22
Lieut. Gremison, Stratford .....	22
Bro. Musgrove, Wroster .....	20
Lieut. Smith, Tilsonburg .....	20
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas .....	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas .....	20
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas .....	20

Bandman Fleming, London .....	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll .....	20
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia .....	20
Father Christian, Dresden .....	20
Capt. Copeman, Theford .....	20
Sister Gordon, Dresden .....	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia .....	20

### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Ottawa .....	150
Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa .....	125
Sergt.-Major Dudley, Ottawa .....	105
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans .....	105
Lieut. P'tman, St. Albans .....	105
Bro. Green, Barre .....	90
Capt. Duncney, St. Johnsbury .....	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. .....	95
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston .....	95
Capt. A. Crego, Cobourg .....	90
Lieut. Tytus, Amherst .....	90
Adj. Ludlow, Barre .....	80
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall .....	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall .....	75
Capt. Yake, Deseronto .....	73
Capt. McNamey, Sherbrooke .....	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington .....	70
Capt. Waule, Quebec .....	70
Crs. Capt. Stuley, Gannanque .....	67
Lieut. Hicks, Newport .....	67
Mrs. Barber, Burlington .....	65
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I. .....	65
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville .....	65
Capt. Stoughton, Gannanque .....	65
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke .....	65
J. S. M. Rice, Montreal I. .....	62
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I. .....	60
Ensign Yere, Brockville .....	60
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville .....	60
Capt. Carter, Belleville .....	60
Capt. Winford, Trenton .....	60
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II. .....	60
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope .....	60
Capt. Green, Perth .....	60
Capt. Grose, Prescott .....	60
Capt. Owen, Cantook .....	60
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV. .....	56
Sergt. Barber, Kingston .....	45
Sister Wilkie, St. Johnsbury .....	45
Capt. Vance, Renfrew .....	44
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines .....	42
S. M. Bowers, Mid b.o.k. .....	42
Sergt. Dine, Barre .....	40
P. S. M. Veal, Kingston .....	40
Capt. Randall, Renfrew .....	40
Sister Vacour, Montreal I. .....	40
Father Dugan, Trenton .....	40
Capt. Magee, Campbellford .....	37
Lieut. Liddel, Campbellford .....	37
Mrs. Jones, Tweed .....	36
Adj. Kendall, Kingston .....	35
Sergt. Merchant, St. Johnsbury .....	35
Capt. Stainer, Montpelier .....	35
Lieut. Lang, Nanpess .....	35
Capt. Barch, Newport .....	34
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II. .....	33
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec .....	33
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield .....	30
Capt. Ash, Odessa .....	30
Hattie Green, Sherbrooke .....	30
Mrs. Capt. Young, Perth .....	30
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg .....	27
Capt. Gammage, Sunbury .....	27
Capt. Fisher, Morrisburg .....	25
Capt. Crego, Kempsville .....	25
Lieut. Brooks, Kempsville .....	25
Sister Ault, Kempsville .....	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I. .....	25
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I. .....	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I. .....	25
Sister Logie, Montreal I. .....	25
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pictou .....	25
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II. .....	24
Sergt. Butters, Montreal II. .....	21
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope .....	20
Madred York, Barre .....	20
Sergt. Raymond, Barre .....	20
Sergt. Newell, Barre .....	20
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre .....	20
Ensign Sims, Barre .....	20
P. S. Langford, Amherst .....	20
Lieut. L. M. Russell, Millbrook .....	20

### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I. ....	150
Nellie Richards, Lindsay .....	145
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines .....	90
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside .....	87
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket .....	65

Lieut. Price, Owen Sound .....	60
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge .....	57
Sergt. Coope, Temple .....	57
Capt. Brant, Omeo .....	45
Sister Howcock, Lippincott .....	45
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II. ....	40
Capt. McCann, Collingwood .....	40
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood .....	40
Ensign Walker, Richmond St. ....	40
Capt. Barker, Omeo .....	40
Capt. Darrah, Meaford .....	40
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound .....	40
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton I. ....	40
Sergt. J. Danberville, Hamilton I. ....	40
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay .....	40
Capt. Low, Gravenhurst .....	40
Mrs. Bowler, Ligar St. ....	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside .....	40
Sergt.-Major Gilks, Yorkville .....	40
Capt. N. Connors, Dundas .....	40
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas .....	40
Lieut. Hattenden, Sudbury .....	40
Capt. Reanie, Sudbury .....	40
Capt. Charlton, North Bay .....	40
Cand. J. Smith, Midland .....	40
Capt. Clark, Owen Sound .....	40
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I. ....	40
Capt. Huskinson, Perry Sound .....	37
Lieut. Stickels, Perry Sound .....	37
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines .....	37
Cadet Greenwood, Temple .....	37
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville .....	35
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville .....	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current .....	35
Lieut. Stickels, Little Current .....	35
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville .....	35
Florie Potter, Hamilton I. ....	32
E. O. Dixon, Temple .....	30
Capt. Capper, Kinnmount .....	30
Sister Matthews, Lippincott St. ....	30
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St. ....	30
Bro. Evelyn, Oshawa .....	30
Elythe Pollard, Oakville .....	30
Capt. Poole, Chesley .....	30
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt .....	30
Bro. Rustin, Ligar St. ....	30
Lieut. Phillips, Midland .....	30
Sergt. Slater, Fencelon Falls .....	28
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora .....	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora .....	27
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines .....	27
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St. ....	27
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St. ....	27
Lieut. Howcroft, Fencelon Falls .....	27
Sister Rose Trusty, Newmarket .....	27
Sergt. Howell, Riverside .....	27
Lieut. Culvert, Yorkville .....	27
Bro. Moore, Lippincott St. ....	27
Capt. Brooks, Oshawa .....	27
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines .....	27
Mrs. Small, St. Catharines .....	27
P. S. M. Courtneymann, Norland .....	27
M. S. Stenden, Bracebridge .....	27
Sergt. Moore, Yorkville .....	27
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville .....	27
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket .....	27
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Uxbridge .....	27
Mother Curry, Hamilton I. ....	27
Capt. Marshall, Richmond St. ....	27
Lieut. Cardvaine, Bowmanville .....	27
Sister Gimbeth, Temple .....	27
Pearl Hinton, Oakville .....	27
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt .....	27

### EAST vs. WEST.

#### EASTERN PROVINCE.

102 Hustlers.	
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown .....	200
Capt. Harey, Sydney .....	150
Capt. G. Thomson, Glace Bay .....	130
Mrs. Hargrave, St. John I. ....	125
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor .....	120
P. S. McQueen, Moncton .....	120
Mrs. Salters, Hamilton .....	115
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax .....	110
Lieut. Barker, Campbellton .....	110
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's .....	100
Lieut. Doyle, Yarmouth .....	100
Cadet Redmond, St. John I. ....	100
Noah Flood, Hamilton .....	100
Capt. Allan, Carleton .....	92
Capt. Marshall, Richmond St. ....	90
Lieut. Murrough, North Sydney .....	90
Sergt. Pike, Houlton .....	90
A. Ramie, Bridgetown .....	88

### A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS, OR, HOW BRO. SNIBBINS, OF CENTRAL ONTARIO, CHANGED HIS TUNE.



### Sugar from Water-Melons.

### The Danger of Self.

A farmer and gardener, of Bowling green, Kentucky, has recently, so it is reported, made an excellent quality of syrup from water-melons, and will shortly attempt to convert some of the crop into sugar. In an interview, the farmer referred to stated, "From eight-  
een melons, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, we made two gallons of one pint of syrup. We cut the melons in halves, cut out the pulp, and put it in a cider-mill, and pressed it the juice. We boiled the juice in reclinable kettles on the kitchen stove twelve hours. With a cider-mill I did not air or steam-evaporator, two of us can make twenty-five or thirty tons of syrup per day. According to above figures, it would take about hundred and seventy melons to make thirty gallons of syrup. With a and an evaporator, a farmer and or two hands could realize one third per cent, more than the ordinary value by making them into syrup giving the refuse to cattle, horses, chickens, which eat it greedily."

Dangerous as the devil is, dangerous as worldly amusements are, the most dangerous enemy we often have to encounter walks in our own shoes. That cunning, artful, smooth-tongued heart-devil, self, is the foe that needs the most constant watch, and subject us to the worst defeats. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary one to the other." Paul had a tremendous battle with these flesh, bending down his carnal nature by hard blows, and the old hero was able at last to shout, "I have fought a good fight, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—Dr. Cuyler.

### Our Bodies and the Drink.

Who can contemplate the wonder, the beauty, the vast utility, the benevolence, the indescribable fitness of this organization, and not feel that this vice of intemperance, which aims directly to destroy it, is an arch-enemy of our natures: tending not merely to create a conflict between the nicely-adjusted principles, but to assure the triumph of that which is low, base, sensual and earthly, over the heavenly and pure: to convert this so curiously-organized frame into a disordered, crazy machine, and to drag down the soul to the slavery of grovelling lusts.—Edward Everett.

### Yes, or No?

It is often a good thing for ourselves to be compelled to answer "Yes," or "No." A great many people will shrink duty, who would not openly and in words refuse to do it! A strawberry man found the benefit of making people say yes, or no. He began to raise strawberries near a village. When he had but few—having picked them the day before, or when not ripe enough—he had numbers of people sending for berries. But when he had "a great run," as he called it, he had so many berries he did not know what to do with them, hardly anybody came!

So he began a different plan; he would "take them round." And he found, as he went to people's doors, that many times, when they had not thought of getting any that day, still they would take a basket or two when they came to the door. He said that in this way he compelled people to say yes, or no, and they did not say no when they saw the tempting red, ripe berries before them. And all this is a "parable," with a good practical "moral."—W. W. S.

### Two Good Rules.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: "Never to believe any bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it."—Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

### Lord Roberts' Religion.

A writer in the British Weekly gives the following incident: "I hear that Lord Kitchener wrote some weeks ago to a friend, that he considered Lord Roberts the most perfect human being he had ever met. Of Lord Roberts himself I heard a touching little story yesterday. Some children, personally known to me, who had seen Lord Roberts and thought him the greatest of living men, ventured to write him a letter and to send it to South Africa. They gave the address of their house, but only their Christian names. In their letter they spoke of their admiration of Lord Roberts, and said they always remembered to pray for him. Imagine the joy of these children when they received a reply from Cape Town in Lord Roberts' own handwriting. I am not permitted to give the letter here, but it was simple, touching and beautiful. He asked the children to go on praying for him, adding, 'I need your prayers.'"

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### KITCHEN SCRAPS.

### What Christ Said.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, "Let us walk in the fields." He said, "No, walk in the town." I said, "There are no flowers there." He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black. There is nothing but noise and din." And He wept as He sent me back: "There is more." He said, "There is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick, And fogs are veiling the sun." He answered, "Yet souls are sick. And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light, And friends will miss me, they say." He answered, "Choose to-night if I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given. He said, "Is it hard to decide? It will not seem hard in heaven To have followed the steps of your Guide."

The Bible is like the leaves of the lemon plant—the more you bruise and wring them, the sweeter the fragrance they throw round.—McChesney.

AN EXCELLENT EMETIC.—In case of poisoning, one tablespoonful of mustard in half a pint of warm water is within reach of everybody, and is an excellent emetic.

LEMON SAUCE.—Take one lemon, two ounces of castor sugar, one pint of water. Cut the lemon peel into very narrow strips, taking care not to admit any of the white. Squeeze the juice into the water, and add the peel and sugar. Boil until clear.

Before cutting a boiled pudding, place your knife and spoon in hot water, and dry both. This precaution prevents the pudding being made heavy.

Save all cold vegetables and fry them, together with cold potatoes, seasoned highly with pepper and salt, for a breakfast dish, with fried bacon.

Save soap-suds, if you have a garden, for they form a very useful manure for flowers, as well as shrubs and vegetables. It is well to have a sunk tub in every garden, where the soapy water can stand till required for watering.

Capt. Welch, Woodstock	20
G. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	20
Sister Martell, Glouce Bay	20
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	20
Capt. Miller, Fairville	20
Mrs. Melroy, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	20
Lieut. Hobb, Canning	20
Capt. Wilson, Freepoint	20
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	20
Cadet-Lieut. Forcey, Sackville	20
Capt. McElheney, New Glasgow	20
Ensign Larder, Houlton	20
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	20
Capt. Bell, St. George's	20

### PACIFIC PROVINCE.

#### 41 Hustlers.

Sergt. Gloun, Butte	220
Lieut. Johnson, Nelson	200
Capt. Southall, Missoula	108
Capt. Noble, Spokane	103
Capt. Ginn, Revelstoke	101
Sister Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	85
Sergt. Wallouder, Rossland	77
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Great Falls	75
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	70
Lieut. Bouyer, Kalispell	68
Capt. Walrath, Anacostia	62
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Whatcom	62
Mother Hooker, Whatcom	62
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	60
Adj. Stevens, Helena	60
Capt. Gooding Rossland	56
Lieut. Floyd, Anacostia	55
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	50
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Westminster	50
Adj. Babington, Spokane	47
Sister Nesbitt, Helena	46
Staff-Capt. Galt, Victoria	45
Sergt. Lewis, Victoria	45
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	45
Capt. Miller, Nanaimo	40
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops	35
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	35
Sister N. Porter, Victoria	35
Sister B. Wyson, Helena	35
Bro. H. Preston, Spokane	34
Ensign Kerr, Butte	30
Sister Fortleith, Rossland	25



### Jesus is Able.

Times.—Jesus is strong to deliver (B.J. 41).

1 Why are you doubting and fearing?  
Why are you still under sin?  
Have you not found that His grace  
doth abound?  
He's mighty to save, let Him in.

Chorus.

Jesus is strong to deliver,  
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!  
Jesus is strong to deliver,  
Jesus is mighty to save.

You say, "I am weak, I am helpless,  
I've tried again and again";  
Well, this may be true, but it's not what  
you do,  
"The He Who is "Mighty to Save."

When in my sorrow He found me,  
Found me and bade me be whole;  
Turned all my night into heavenly light,  
And from me my burden did roll.

When in the tempest, He hides me;  
When in the storm, He is near;  
All the way long He carries me on,  
And now I have nothing to fear.

### Walk with Me.

Times.—Pour Thy Spirit (B.J. 15);  
Room for Jesus (B.J. 16); Friend  
of Jesus (B.J. 28); Oh, it is glory  
(B.J. 32); Hail, Thou once-despised  
(B.J. 125).

2 Jesus, Saviour, I am waiting,  
Waiting to be cleansed from sin;  
Now for Thee my all forsaking,  
Come and speak me pure within.

Chorus.

Walk with me! Walk with me!  
Walk with me! Walk with me!  
All the way from earth to heaven,  
Blessed Master, walk with me!

Jesus, Saviour, I am praying—  
Praying Thou wilt, every day,  
Never leaving, ever staying,  
Walk beside me all the way.

Jesus, Saviour, I will follow—  
I follow just where Thou shalt lead;  
Through the path bring pain and sorrow,  
Yet supply my every need.

Jesus, Saviour, I am leaving—  
Leaving all to follow Thee;  
Now, by faith, Thy peace receiving,  
Thou art living now with me.

Other Choruses.

Speak to me! Speak to me!

Live with Thee! Live with Thee!

Fight for Thee! Fight for Thee!

### We'll Fight.

Times.—And Long Syne (B.J. 37); Con-  
fession (B.J. 75); No other argu-  
ment (B.J. 7).

3 The precious blood is just as red  
As when my Saviour died;  
The crimson flow for you was shed,  
For sinners crucified.

Chorus.

All together:  
We'll fight beneath the dear old Flag,  
Lions!

We'll lift the banner high;

Lads:

We'll fight beneath the dear old Flag,

All together:

We'll fight until we die.

No many saints can shout and sing,

They've got the power complete;

With souls on fire, the world to bring  
And lay at Jesus' feet.

Then, sinner, you must be forgiven  
Or else in hell be cast;  
It was for you His side was riven,  
His Blood can cleanse the past.

Companions, shallow, light, and gay  
Soon charm your worldly mind;  
Poor sinner, you had better pray,  
In Jesus' mercy find.

Evangelist Jonathan Nicholson, Wimb-  
bly Corps.

### Hallelujah!

Times.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

4 We are soldiers of the Lord,  
Saved and happy through His blood  
On the bright and heavenly road  
Hallelujah!

We will fight and never tire,  
Till we gain our heart's desire,  
And we'll win by Blood and Fire  
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hail Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
We will fight for Christ, our King  
And poor sinners to Him bring  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
And the victory we shall win,  
Hallelujah!

To our colors we'll be true,  
North the Yellow, Red, and Blue,  
By His grace we will go through!  
Hallelujah!

When our fighting here is o'er,  
And we march the heavenly shore,  
Then we'll shout for evermore,  
Hallelujah!

Sister E. Penn, Waltham.

### Pass Me Not.

Times.—Death is a mingling; Pass me not  
(B.J. 14).

5 Pass me not, O living Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on wonders Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by!

Chorus.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,  
And while others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by!

Let me at Thy throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;

Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,

Would I seek Thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.

### Return, Prodigal.

Times.—Oh, you must be a lover (B.J. 74); St. Stephen's (B.J. 191); Con-  
fession (B.J. 21); St. Peter's (B.J. 128); Remember me (B.J. 16); Evan-  
gelist (B.J. 125).

6 Return, O wanderer, return,  
You still are loved, though lost;  
To stop your going to hell to burn  
Your Saviour's life has cost.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord!  
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, O wanderer, come back

To all the joys you had;

When marching on the heavenly track,

You know your soul was glad.

Return, O wanderer, come home

To all your comrades dear;

Why will you to damnation roam,

When Jesus draws so near?

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